

Dortch's

# Gospel Voices.

No. 3.

The Best of All.

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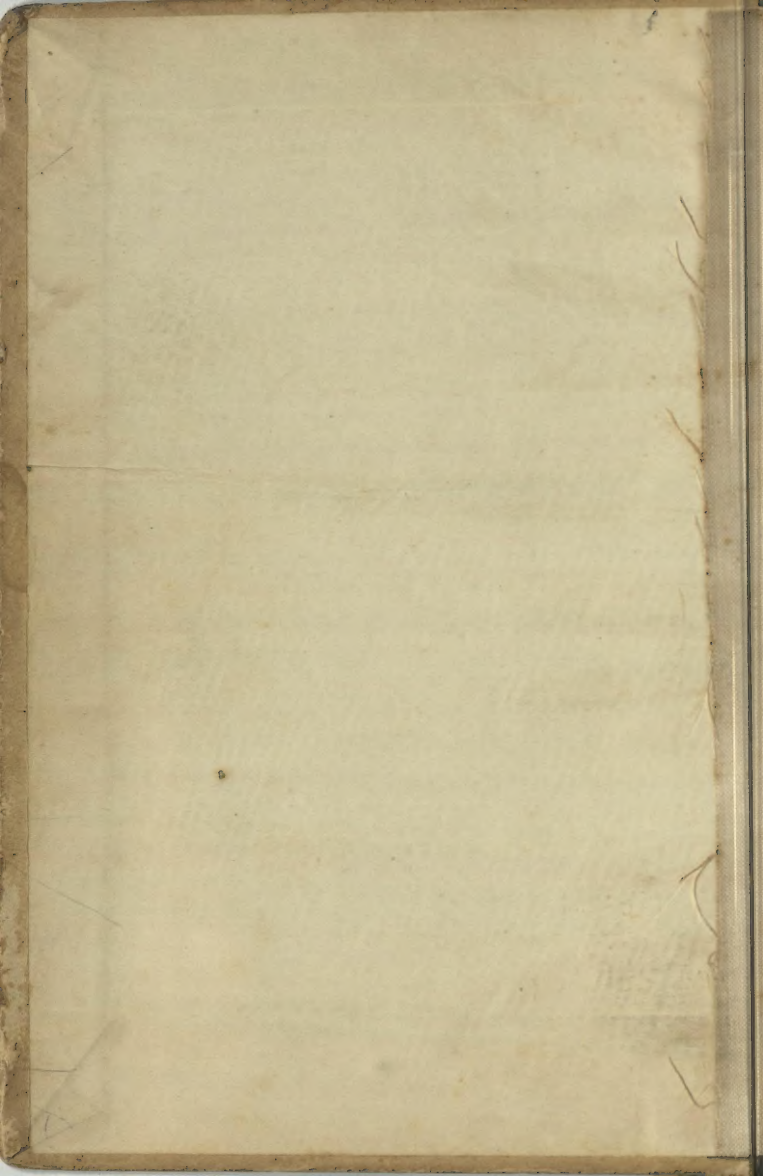
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5 For neither did his brethren believe in him.<sup>a</sup>  
6 Then Jesus said unto them, My time is not yet come:<sup>\*</sup> but your time is always ready.

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a Lev. 23:34. b Mark 8:21. c ch. 2:14; 8:7; ver. 8, 30. d ch. 13:13. e ch. 11:56. f ch.

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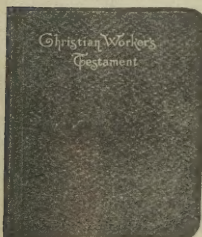
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30 He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad. A. Mark 9. 40.

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# SPECIMEN PAGES

*"I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 Cor. 14 : 15.*

*Eliza Blanton*  
SHORT

## TALKS ON MUSIC.

*Eliza Daves. Book*

BY

D. E. DORTCH.

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*"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5 : 19.*

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ROUND OR SHAPED NOTES.

# SHORT TALKS ON MUSIC.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

*Talk 1.*—I trust that my pupils are all comfortably seated, and that their minds are reasonably clear so they can comprehend what I have to say in these short talks. You know that a great many people think music to be a very hard, dull study, and I readily grant that it is if it is not properly viewed and correctly taught. I am fully persuaded though that I can present it in such a clear, forcible way that you can easily grasp it if you give it the necessary thought and attention.

*Talk 2.*—If you were to ask me what music is I believe I would say that it is your breath made vocal, flowing along up and down in such a way as to be pleasing to yourself and to those listening to you. Music, then, is pleasing sounds produced in successive order according to all the laws that govern them.

*Talk 3.*—Now a noise is anything audible such as the mutterings of the low, distant thunder. A more distant noise may be called a sound, and sounds are of various kinds, but those in which pitch is perceptible are musical and pleasing to the sense of hearing are called tones.

*Talk 4.*—The formation of tones is a very interesting subject, but space will not allow its full discussion in these short talks. A few remarks must suffice. Tones are waves of sound which play upon the drum of the ear, and are conveyed to the brain through the sensitive nerves thus giving knowledge of them. What I mean by "waves of sound" is when sounds are produced they set the air in motion or to vibrating, and it (the air) becomes the medium through which the sounds are conveyed from the point of production to the organ of hearing.

*Talk 5.*—Tones formed by the vocal organs are called vocal tones, while those which are made by musical instruments are called instrumental tones. All tones, whether vocal or instrumental, have four essential properties which I will call altitude, duration, force and quality. By altitude I mean the pitch of tones as high or low; by duration the length of tones as long or short; by force I mean the power that it takes to produce tones as loud or soft; while quality has reference to the purity of tones as to whether they are smooth or rough.

*Talk 6.*—For the sake of system and convenience music is divided into four departments, namely: Melodics, Rhythmics, Dynamics and Æsthetics. By department is meant the classification of all those things which come under each of these four heads. Melodics embraces every thing that pertains to the pitch of tones; Rhythmics, every thing that pertains to the length of tones; Dynamics, every thing that pertains to the force of tones, and Æsthetics, every thing that pertains to the expression of tones.

1. What do many people think music to be?

2. How may it be made comparatively easy?

3. What may we consider music to be?

4. What then is music?

5. What is a noise?

6. What is a more distinct noise?

7. Then what are sounds?

8. What are tones?

9. What is meant by waves of sound?

10. What are vocal tones?

11. What are instrumental tones?

12. What have all tones?

13. What are their properties called?

14. What is meant by altitude?

15. Duration?

16. Force?

17. Quality?

18. Music is divided into how many departments?

19. What are they?

20. What is meant by department?

21. What does Melodics embrace?

22. Rhythmics?

23. Dynamics?

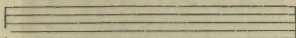
24. Æsthetics?

## CHAPTER II.

## MELODICS—THE STAFF.

*Talk 7.*—I am now going to draw on the board the staff, which is considered to be the most prominent printed character used in music. It is composed of five parallel, horizontal lines with the six spaces which belong to them. The word "staff" means a prop or a support, and it is, therefore, used to support all of the other printed characters used in music.

## EX. 1. THE STAFF.



25. What do you see on the board?

26. What is it considered to be?

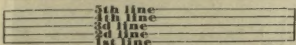
27. Of what is it composed?

28. What does the word "staff" mean?

29. Then what does it do?

*Talk 8.*—Every thing in music is reckoned upward, and in numbering the lines and the spaces of the staff we begin at the bottom. The lowest line is the first line; the one just above it is the second line; the middle line is the third line; the one just above that one is the fourth line, and the top line is the fifth line.

## EX. 2. THE LINES NUMBERED.



30. What do you see on the board?  
31. How is every thing in music reckoned?

32. Where do we begin in numbering the lines and the spaces?

33. Which is the first line?

34. The second?

35. The third?

36. The fourth?

37. The fifth?

*Talk 9.*—The old method of reckoning only four spaces to the staff has been discarded. Some authors call the space, below the first line space below; and the one above the fifth line space above, and still hold to the old numbers. As there are as really six spaces as there are five lines, I number them beginning with the space below the first line as first space; the one between the first and second lines, second space; the one between the second and third lines, third space; the one above the third and below the fourth lines is the fourth space; the one between the fourth and fifth lines, fifth space, and the one above the fifth line is the sixth space.

## EX. 3. SPACES NUMBERED.

6th space	Oldmeth. space above	
5th space	4th space	4th space
4th space	3d space	3d space
3d space	2d space	2d space
2d space	1st space	1st space
1st space		space below

How some  
number now

38. What do you see in this diagram?

39. How were the spaces formerly numbered?

40. How do some authors now number them?

41. Is the space below the first line and the one above the fifth line really spaces of the staff?

42. Then how should the spaces be numbered?

*Talk 10.*—Each line and each space of the staff is called a degree, and as there are five lines and six spaces there are eleven degrees on each staff. Degree means step, and as we move with the voice from line to space or from space to line, we perceive that we step from one to the other. In reckoning the degrees we begin with the first space which is the space below the first line.



## No. 168.

## A Good World, After All.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. We take our share of fret-ting, Of griev-ing and for-get-ting; The paths are  
 2. Tho' sharp may be our trou-b-le, The joys are more than double; The brave sur-  
 3. There's always love that's car-ing, And shield-ing and for-bear-ing—Dear woman's  
 4. The lisp of children's voic-es, The chance of hap-py choic-es, The bu-gle

often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall; But yet the days are cheer-y,  
 pass the cowards, and the leal are like a wall. To guard their dearest ev-er,  
 love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall; There's home to share together,  
 sounds of hope and faith thro' fog and mists that call; The hear't that stretches o'er us,

And night brings rest when weary, And, somehow, this old plan-et is a good  
 To fall the fee-blest nev-er, And, somehow, this old world remains a bright  
 In calm or storm-y weath-er, And, while each hearth-flame burns, it is a good  
 The bet-ter days be-fore us; They all combine to make this earth a good

**REFRAIN.**

world aft-er all. It's a good world, (aft-er all,) It's a good

world, . . . . And, somehow, this old plan-et is a good world, aft-er all.  
 aft-er all,

## DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

D. E. DORTCH.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost

## OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

G. FRANC, 1545.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

# P R E F A C E .

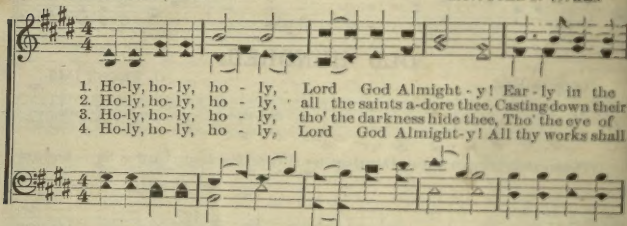
No. 1.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

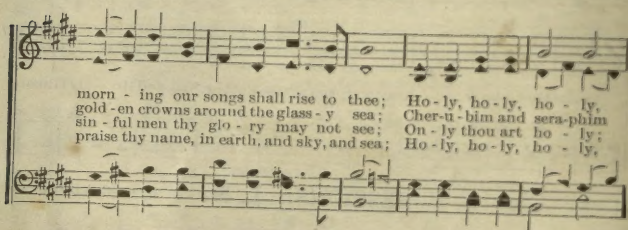
(NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.)

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

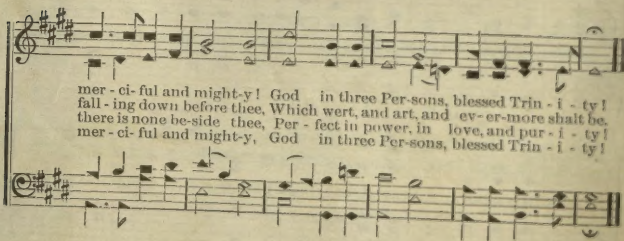
REV. JOHN R. FRYER.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the  
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall



morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
 sin - ful men thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly;  
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty!  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



# DORTCH'S GOSPEL VOICES No. 3.

By D. E. Dortch, E. E. Polk, D. D., R. R. Emerson, J. A. Bell,  
J. M. Bandy, W. G. Cooper, A. J. Holt, D. D.

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## THE BEST OF ALL.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Each day has its blessings, each its joy and cheer, All along life's pathway  
2. Friends I have who love me very tenderly, Friends whose constant friendship  
3. Days may sometimes darken for a little time, Mountains loom before me  
4. When I need a blessing He has not bestowed, Or His grace to help me

flow'rs of love appear; But, a-mid these mercies, one thing I re-call,  
is a joy to me; But a rich-er blessing on my heart doth fall,  
long and hard to climb. These things do not move me, or my heart appal,  
bear my heavy load, In a faith that trusts Him on His name I call,

*D.S. On my heart His love in thrilling pow'r doth fall,*

### FINE. REFRAIN.

1-3. Jesus loves and saves me, and that's the best of all. The best of all, . . . . the  
4. Jesus loves and saves me, and He's the best of all. The best of all,

*Jesus loves and saves me, and that's the best of all.*

best of all, . . . . . The best of all, . . . . . the best of all.  
the best of all. The best of all, the best of all.

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1. - G. V. No. 3.

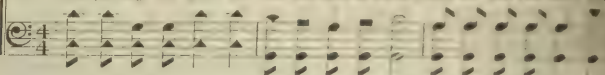
"Now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2

W. G. COOPER.

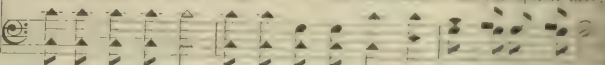
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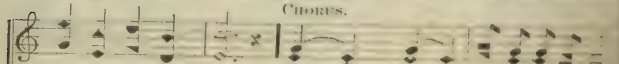
1. Sin-ner, art thou wea-ry Of a life of sin? Is thy pathway dreary
2. Come your sins con-fess-ing, Come and humbly kneel Pardon here pos-sess-ing
3. Would you reign in glo-ry? For the right be brave: Help to tell the story.



Is there guilt with-in? If, to live for heav-en, Now thou wouldst be-gain,  
 You with joy shall feel: Peace in gen-tle whis-pers Of-er thy soul shall reign.  
 "Je-sus died to save." Plunge in-to the foun-tain. There your spir-it leave.

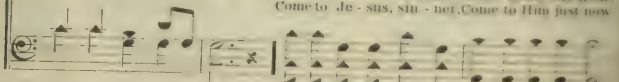


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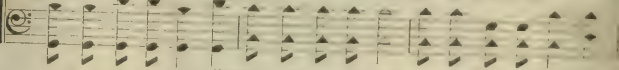


Come to Je-sus now.

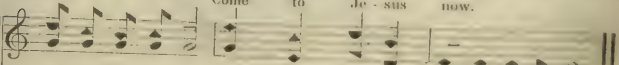
Come, . . . come, Come to Je-sus now.  
 Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, Come to Him just now.



Come, . . . come, Come and meekly bow; If you call un-to Him  
 Come your sins con-fess-ing.



Come to Je-sus now.



He will hear your plea, Come to Je-sus now, O come to Je-sus now



# 296 O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

AZMON. C. M

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our  
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean, [part  
Which neither life nor death can  
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine, [good,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

## 297 See music above.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound  
What pleasure to our ears?  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
To Thee all praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

John Newton.

## 298 See music above.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!

## 299 See music above.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

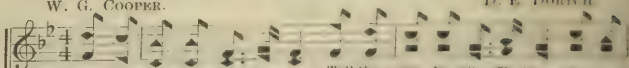
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain;  
Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts.

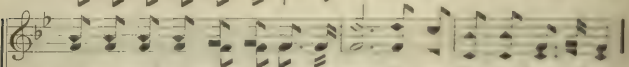
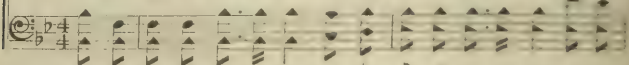


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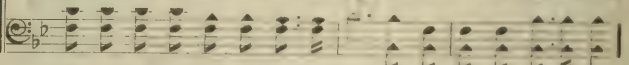
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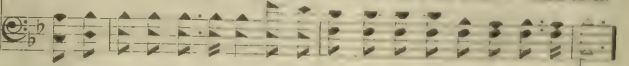
1. I've a mes-sage true and grand, } Tell the news to ev - ry } land, Let us
2. Who - so - ev - er will be-lieve, Life e - ter-nal shall re-ceive, And the
3. O, Thou blessed Sav-iour mine, I be-lieved and I am Thine, } Thou wilt
4. I shall see Him by and by, When His glo - ry fills the sky, And the



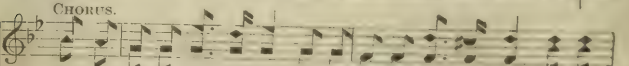
sound be heard be-yond the o - cean waves; } Lo, the Fa-ther from a-bove,  
 cure for all that fall - en na-ture craves; } Come to Je-sus while you may,  
 keep him } who the righteous warfare braves; } So 'mid dangers hour by hour  
 sleep - ers all a - wak - en from their graves; } If be-fore the judg-ment throne.



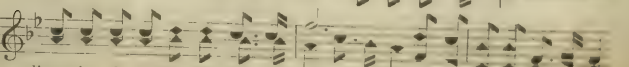
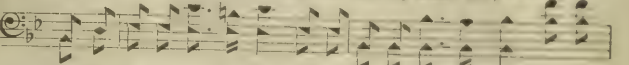
Sent to us His Son in love, 'Tis the ev - er precious gospel, "Jesus saves."  
 Ere shall fall life's sun - set ray, Then "too late" to hear the message — "Jesus saves."  
 Trusting in His mighty pow'r, Gladly I would tell the story — "Jesus saves."  
 He shall claim me as His own, Then how sweet to know for ever — "Jesus saves."



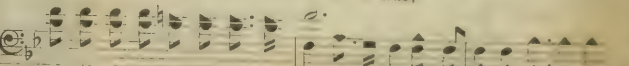
## CHORUS.

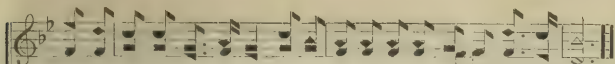


I've a mes-sage true and grand } Tell the news to ev - ry } land, O be -  
 } For our sun - ny south - ern } land, O be -



lieve it, O receive it, it is true; } Let His banner be unfurled,  
 it is true;





Spread the news thro'-out the world, O the bless-ed, blessed gospel,—"Jesus saves."

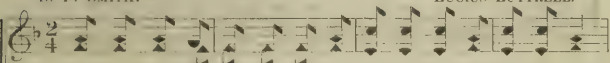


301

## CAN I LEAVE YOU?

S. F. SMITH.

LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



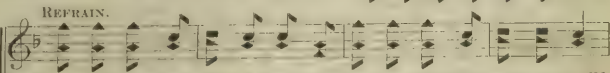
1. Yes, my na - tive land! I love thee; All thy scenes I love them well;
2. Home! thy joys are pass-ing lone-ly — Joys no stranger heart can tell;
3. Scenes of sa - cred peace and pleasure, Ho - ly days and Sab-bath-bell;
4. Yes, I has - ten from you glad - ly, From the scenes I love so well;
5. In the des - erts let me la - bor, On the mountains let me tell



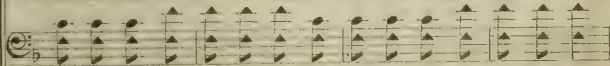
Friends, con - nec-tions, hap - py coun-try, Can I bid you all farewell?  
Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee; Can I, can I say farewell?  
Rich-est, bright-est, sweetest treas-ure; Can I say a last farewell?  
Far a - way, ye bil-lows! bear me; Love-ly na-tive land! farewell!  
How He died — the bless-ed Sav-iour — To re-deem a world from hell!



### REFRAIN.



- 1, 2, 3, 4. Can I leave you, can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
5. Let me has - ten, let me has - ten, Far in hea-then lands to dwell,



Yes, I'll leave you, yes, I'll leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.  
Let me has - ten, let me has - ten, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.



E. R. LATTA.

D. E. DORTCH

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The  
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle the whole of the day? The  
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need? To

har - vest un - gath - ered, all round ye may view! The Mas - ter your  
 mo - ments are pass - ing with swift - ness a - way! The lab' - rers are  
 gath - er the har - vest, or scat - ter the seed? Go work for the

la - bor will ful - ly re - quite! Go toil in his vine - yard from  
 glean - ing the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has - ten to join them, or  
 Sav - iour with heart and with hand, No long - er be will - ing thus

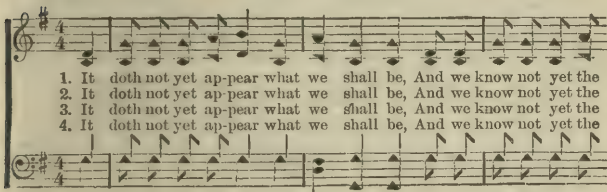
CHORUS.  
 morn - ing till night, }  
 soon 'twill be vain. } Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with your  
 i - dle to stand. }

might! Go work for the Mas - ter, from morn - ing till night.

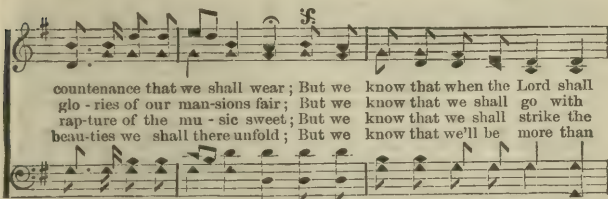


E. H.

E. HANKS.

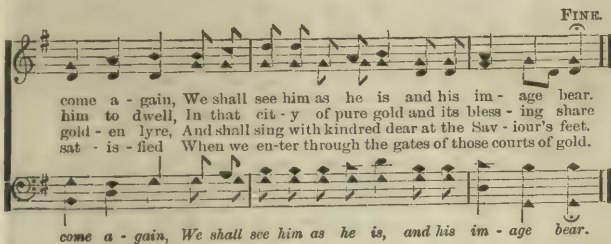


1. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the  
 2. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the  
 3. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the  
 4. It doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be, And we know not yet the



countenance that we shall wear; But we know that when the Lord shall  
 glo - ries of our man-sions fair; But we know that we shall go with  
 rap-ture of the mu - sic sweet; But we know that we shall strike the  
 beau-ties we shall there unfold; But we know that we'll be more than

D. S.—But we know that when the Lord shall

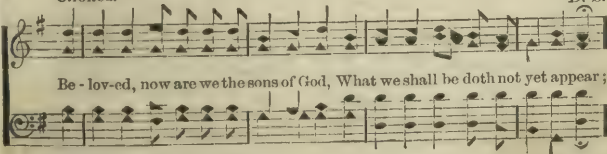


come a - gain, We shall see him as he is and his im - age bear.  
 him to dwell, In that cit - y of pure gold and its bless - ing share  
 gold - en lyre, And shall sing with kindred dear at the Sav - iour's feet.  
 sat - is - fied When we en-ter through the gates of those courts of gold.

come a - gain, We shall see him as he is, and his im - age bear.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Be - lov-ed, now are we the sons of God, What we shall be doth not yet appear;

# 304 I'M LIVING BY THE STREAM.

"One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."—Luke 19:34

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT.

D. E. DORTCH

1. There springs a stream of precious blood from Christ the cross of old— I'm
2. Thro' all the des-ert waste of life this tide of cleansing goes— I'm
3. From age to age it rush-es on and nev-er can run dry— I'm
4. Come, sin-ner, come with all your guilt, and paunge without de-lay— I'm

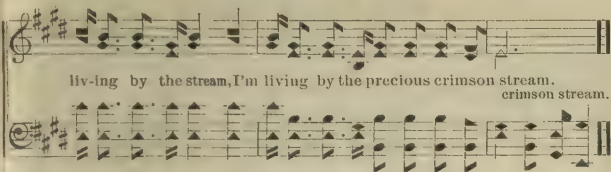
living by the precious crimson stream : To cleanse the soul from guilt and sin— it  
 living by the precious crimson stream : And ev'ry soul that plunges in— it  
 living by the precious crimson stream : And all who bear the plague of death may  
 living by the precious crimson stream : O come and let this current wash you

flows from Je-sus' side— I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.  
 cleansed from all its woes— I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.  
 wash and nev-er die— I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.  
 ev'-ry stain a-way— I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing by the stream, I'm liv-ing by the stream. I'm living by the

pre-cious crimson stream.  
 crim-son stream, I'm liv-ing by the stream, I'm



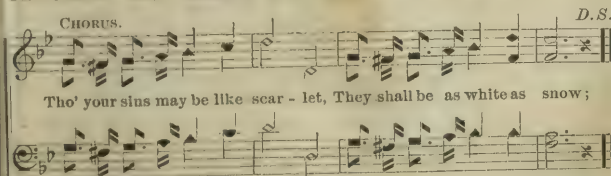
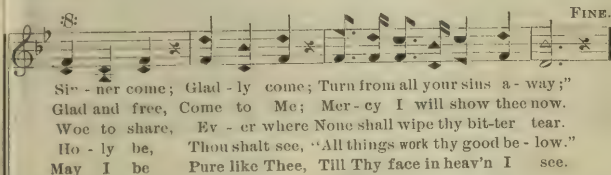
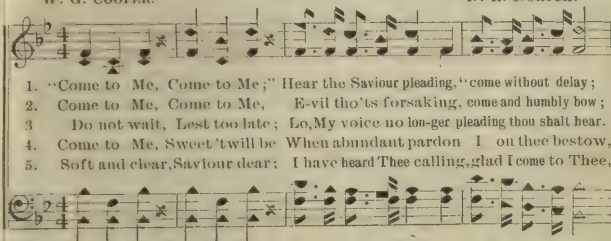
305

# COME TO ME.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. G. COOPER.


D. E. DORTCH.

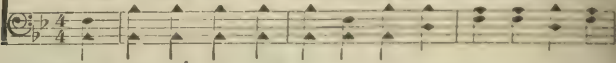




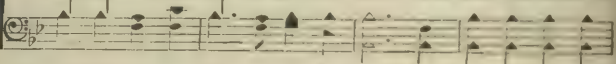
ANON.

D. E. DORTCH.

- 
1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of
  2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that de-files can
  3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No hea-vy head, no
  4. Our Sav-iour once a mor-tal child—As mor-tal man by
  5. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and

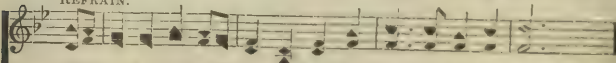


grief and tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and  
 en-ter in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright a-  
 wea-ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor-tals  
 man re-viled, There ma-n-y crowns doth wear; While thousand thousands  
 an-gels stand And all its glo-ries share. And there with Christ I'll




no decay—No night ob-scures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 ternal shore Earth's bitter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 may not know, Like peaceful riv-ers ev-er flow! Oh, say, will you be there?  
 swell the strain Of glory to the Lamb once slain; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 ev-er stay;— In that e-ter-nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?


## REFRAIN.



Will you be there, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there?



will you be there?



In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

# 307 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' piercèd feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

## 308 *See music above.*

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

## 309 *See music above,*

- 1 Jesus commands us to forgive  
If we would be forgiven;  
And Christians be while here on earth  
Or reign with Him in heaven.
- CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive  
My every enemy;

For Jesus shed His precious blood  
That He might pardon me.

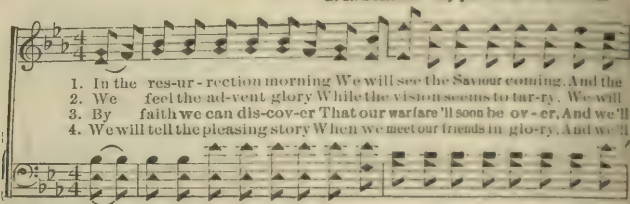
- 2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,  
Our wrongs do not exceed  
The insults we have heaped on Him  
Who for our sins did bleed.
- 3 He for His foes did suffer death,  
And freely all forgave;  
And perished on the cruel cross  
That He their souls might save.
- 4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,  
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"  
His spirit we must all possess  
If we with Him would live.
- 5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,  
That I Thine own may be;  
That all my foes I may forgive  
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

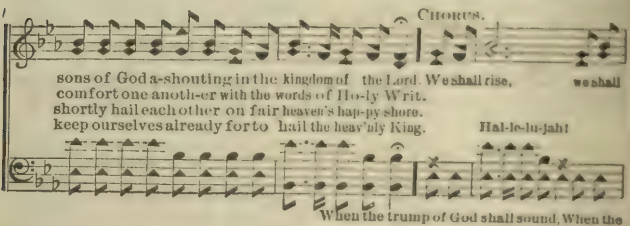
## 310 *See music above.*

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found  
Was blind but now I see.
- 2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 3 The Lord hath promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

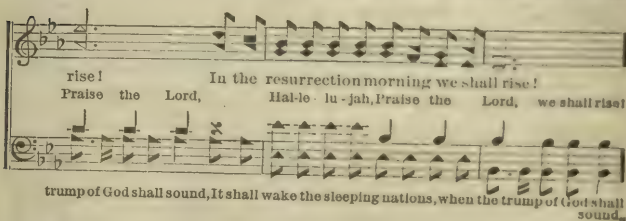


1. In the res-ur- rection morning We will see the Saviour coming. And the  
 2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry. We will  
 3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare 'll soon be ov-er, And we'll  
 4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry. And we'll



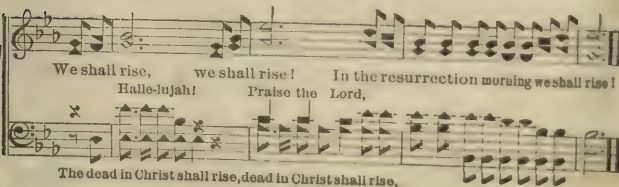
CHORUS.  
 sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall  
 comfort one ano-th-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.  
 shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.  
 keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the



rise!  
 Praise the Lord, In the resurrection morning we shall rise!  
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound.



We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!  
 Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,



COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood There  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And  
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

CHORUS.

is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Oh, glorious  
dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day,  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb :: Thy precious blood, :: || 4 E'er since by faith :: I saw the stream, :: ||  
Shall never lose its power, Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Till all the ransomed :: Church of God, :: || Redeeming love :: has been my theme, :: ||  
Are saved to sin no more. And shall be till I die.

- 1 I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light—  
My glory circled throne  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and alone;  
I left, I left it all for thee;  
Hast thou left aught for me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee  
What hast thou borne for me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to me?

# 314 IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

J. A. HELL.

1. In the Chris - - - tian's home in glo - ry, (home in glo - ry,) There re -  
 2. He is fit - - - ting up my mansion, (up my mansion,) Which e -  
 3. Sing, oh sing, . . . . . ye heirs of glo - ry, (heirs of glory,) Shout your

mains. . . . . a land of rest; There my Sav - - - iour's gone be -  
 ter - - - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay. . . . . shall not be  
 tri - - - umph as you go; Zi - on's gates. . . . . will o - pen

fore me, (gone before me,) To ful - fill. . . . . my soul's re - quest,  
 transient, (not be transient,) In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
 for you, (o - pen for you,) You shall find. . . . . an en - trance through.

## CHORUS.

In that home, that beautiful home, We shall nev - - - er  
 In that home, that beautiful home, In that home so bright and fair, In that home, that beautiful home.

know a care;  
 We shall nev - er know a care, In that home, . . . . . that beau - ti - ful  
 In that home, that beautiful home, In that

# IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.

home, We shall dwell..... for - ev - er there.  
home of blessings rare, In that home, that beautiful home, We shall dwell forever there.

## 315 JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

E. HANKS.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing you now, Call-ing you now, call-ing you now;  
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;  
3. Je-sus is call-ing, O hear His sweet voice, hear His sweet voice, hear His sweet voice;  
4. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing you home, Calling you home, call-ing you ome;

Sin-ner, d ar sin-ner, sub-mis-sive-ly bow, Call-ing, call-ing you now.  
Linger no lon-ger, but come while you may, Call ing, call-ing to-day.  
Hast-en, O hast-en, to make the wise choice, Call-ing, hear His sweet voice.  
From the dear Saviour, O why lon-ger roam, Call-ing, why lon-ger roam.

### REFRAIN.

Je-sus is call-ing you now,..... Call-ing you now, call-ing you now;  
calling you now,

Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing you now.



Words arr.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. On sin's dark mountain I had wandered far a - way; Blackness of  
 2. Oft-times I've listened To the sto - ry o'er and o'er; Heard Jesus  
 3. Now I am hap - py For I feel the cleansing pow'r; On Jesus  
 4. Come now to Je - sus, He will cleanse your soul from sin; Oh hear him

dark-ness Hid from me the light of day; My sins were heav - y  
 knock-ing, But I o - pened not the door; My sins were heav - y  
 lean-ing, Jour-ney with him hour by hour; My sins were heav - y  
 knock-ing, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in; Your sins are heav - y

and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je - sus trusting and I  
 and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Jesus trusting and I  
 and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Jesus trusting and I  
 and your burdens hard to bear; If you come to Je - sus trusting you can

D. S.—I will go with him some day to dwell with

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

left them there.  
 left them there.  
 left them there.  
 leave them there.

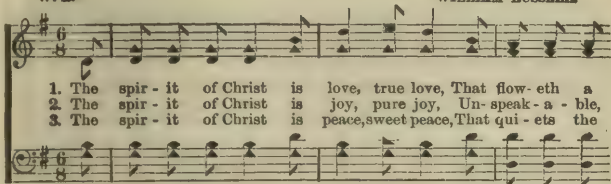
Je - sus, dear Je - sus, Je - sus is my joy and song;

that bright throng.

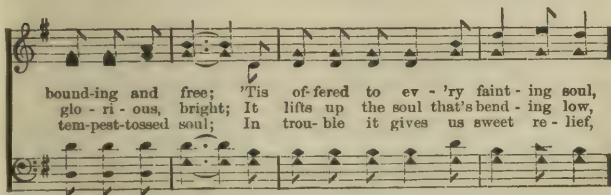
Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

W. R.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

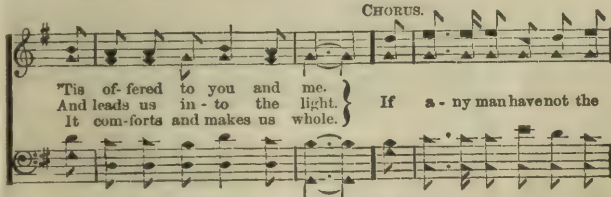


1. The spir - it of Christ is love, true love, That flow - eth a  
 2. The spir - it of Christ is joy, pure joy, Un - speak - a - ble,  
 3. The spir - it of Christ is peace, sweet peace, That qui - ets the

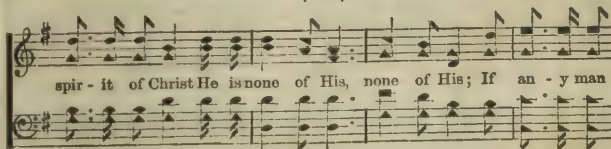


bound - ing and free; 'Tis of - fered to ev - 'ry faint - ing soul,  
 glo - ri - ous, bright; It lifts up the soul that's bend - ing low,  
 tem - pest - tossed soul; In trou - ble it gives us sweet re - lief,

## CHORUS.



'Tis of - fered to you and me.  
 And leads us in - to the light. } If a - ny man have not the  
 It com - forts and makes us whole.



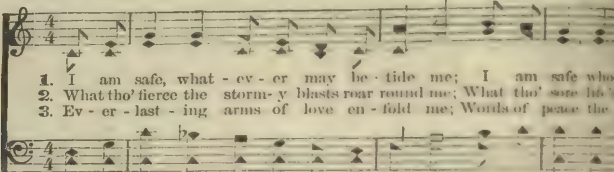
spir - it of Christ He is none of His, none of His; If an - y man



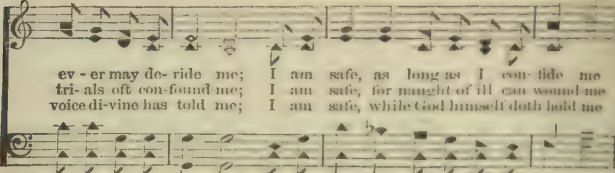
have not the spir - it of Christ He is none of His, none of His.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

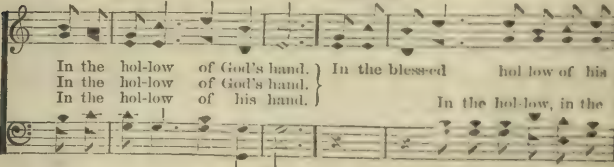


1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who -  
 2. What tho' fierce the storm - y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

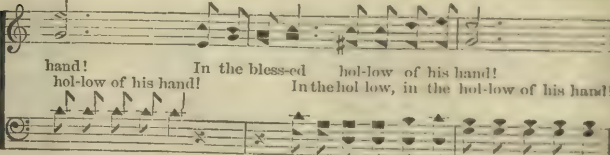


ev - er may de - ride me; I am safe, as long as I con - fide me  
 tri - als oft con - found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me  
 voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me

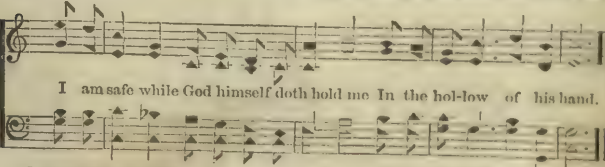
## CHORUS.



In the hol-low of God's hand. } In the blessed hol low of his  
 In the hol-low of God's hand. }  
 In the hol-low of his hand. } In the hol-low, in the



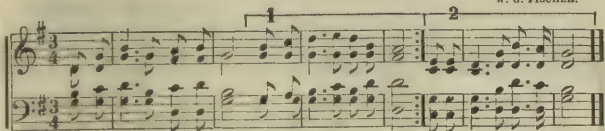
hand! In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!  
 hol-low of his hand! In the hol low, in the hol-low of his hand!!



I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.



W. G. FISCHER.



I am coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross.  
I shall full salvation find.

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.

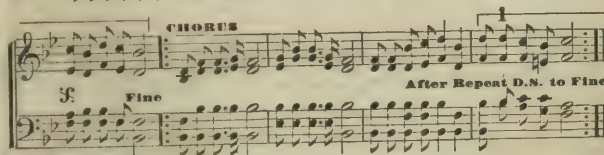
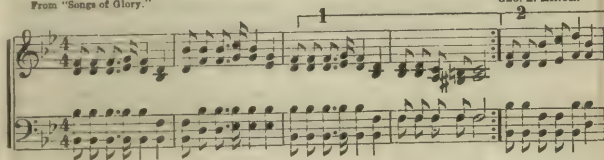
2 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends and time, and earthly store;  
Soul and body, Thine to be,—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## 320 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

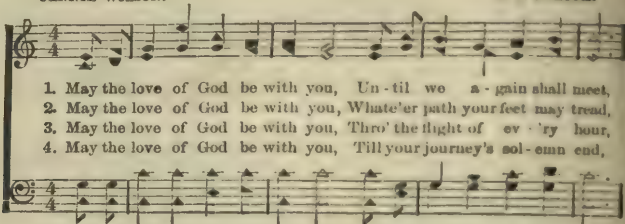
CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

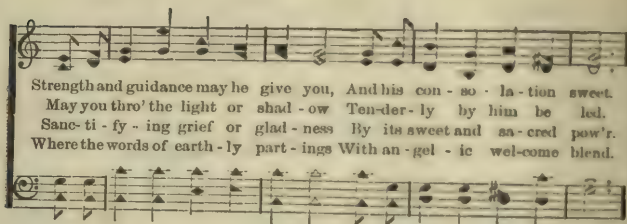
3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

JENNIE WILSON.

D. E. DORTCH.

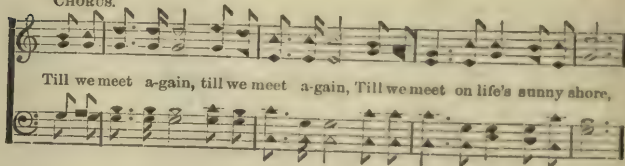


1. May the love of God be with you, Un-til we a-gain shall meet,  
 2. May the love of God be with you, Whate'er path your feet may tread,  
 3. May the love of God be with you, Thro' the flight of ev-'ry hour,  
 4. May the love of God be with you, Till your journey's sol-enn end,

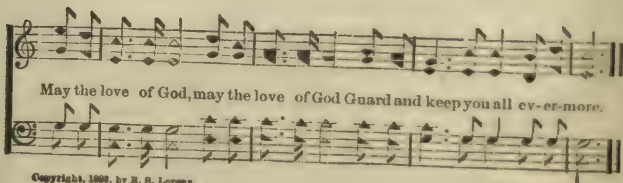


Strength and guidance may he give you, And his con-so-la-tion sweet.  
 May you thro' the light or shad-ow Ten-der-ly by him be led.  
 Sanc-ti-fy-ing grief or glad-ness By its sweet and an-ced pow'r.  
 Where the words of earth-ly part-ings With an-gel-ic wel-come blend.

## CHORUS.



Till we meet a-gain, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet on life's sunny shore,

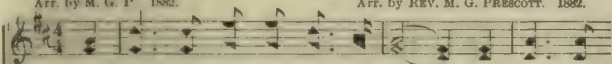


May the love of God, may the love of God Guard and keep you all ev-er-more.

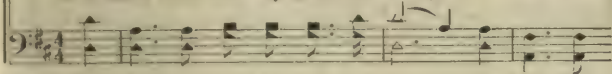
# 322 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882.

Arr. by REV. M. G. PRESCOTT. 1882.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre -
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be - wil - dered at the thought I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He



D. C. For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the

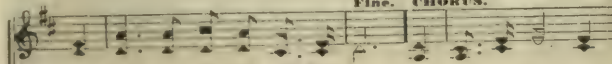


pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives  
 blood a - tones for me, I'm list - ening for the gen - tle call  
 won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought  
 will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home



summons, "Child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here

## Fine. CHORUS.



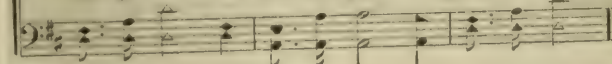
To those who would His chil - dren be.  
 To say "the Mas - ter wait - eth thee." Then ask me not to  
 To die, that I might live a - bove.  
 To sing with joy the heav'n - ly song.



To hear the summons, "Child, come home."



min - gle on A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng.



# 323 THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

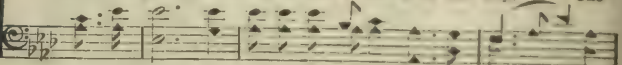
D. E. DORTCH.



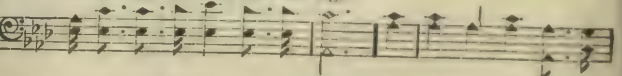
1. Ye peo-ple of the Lord bowed with grief, Who weep and mourn and long
2. In sor-row are you bear-ing the cross. Af-flict-ed, tried, as gold
3. When sins and fears and doubts vex thy soul, When trials fierce like waves
4. Press on, press on with zeal in the race; Thy God will give thee strength



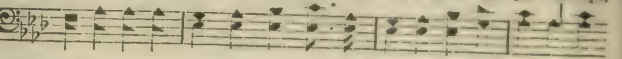
for re - lief, Lift up your heads; be glad; cease to sigh, The  
 purged of dross; With joy endure, your hope fix on high, The  
 o'er thee roll, Have faith, for all will end by and by, The  
 give thee grace; Faint not, but hear a voice from the sky, The



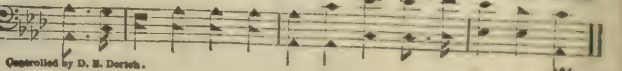
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh. }  
 coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh. }  
 coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh. }  
 coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh. } Re - joice in hope, for the



Lord will come; Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come; Rejoice in hope,



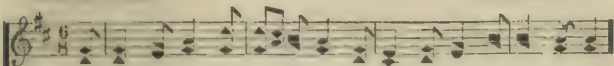
for the Lord will come, And take you up to a bliss - ful home.



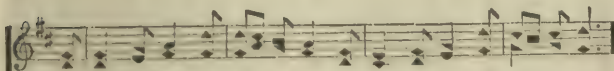


LORRELLE DAMON.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. There is a cleans-ing, heal-ing tide, That flows from Jesus' wounded side;
2. Oh, flee to Christ, forsake your sin, He'll make and keep you pure within;
3. Although you're lost in darkest night, The darkness will be turn'd to light,
4. Oh, do not lon-ger then de-lay, Lest you should grieve his love away,



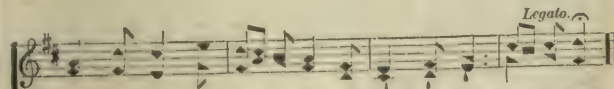
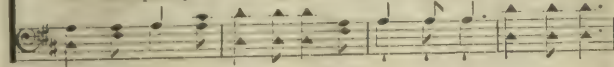
Come now and plunge in-to its flow, 'Twill make your heart as pure as snow.  
 And led by his al-might-y hand, You'll gain the bright ce-lestial land.  
 If on-ly you will come and prove The sweetness of the Sav-iour's love.  
 Lest while you tar-ry death may come, And bring you ev-er-last-ing doom.



## CHORUS.



Do not spurn your lov-ing Sav-iour, quick-ly come, quick-ly come;

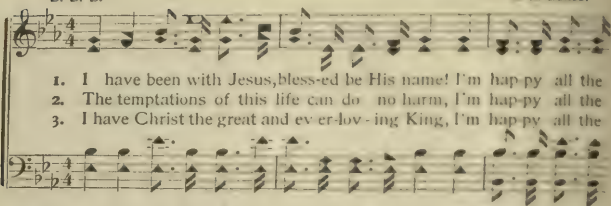


It is fol-ly now to wa-ver, quick-ly come, quick-ly come.

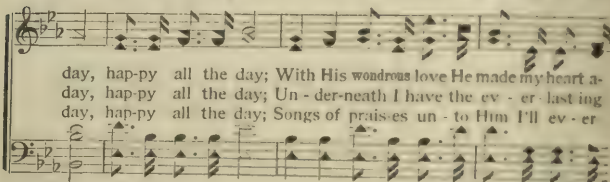


B. B. B.

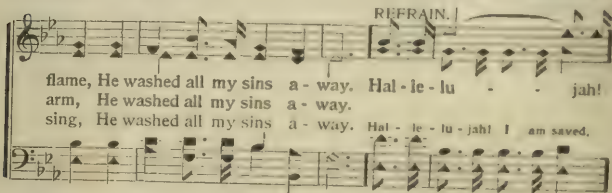
B. B. BEALL.



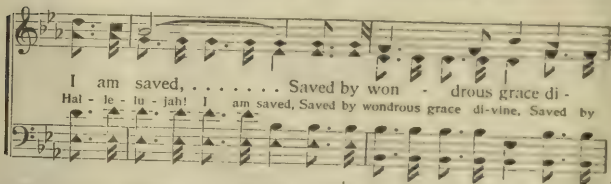
1. I have been with Jesus, bless-ed be His name! I'm hap-py all the  
 2. The temptations of this life can do no harm, I'm hap-py all the  
 3. I have Christ the great and ever-lov-ing King, I'm hap-py all the



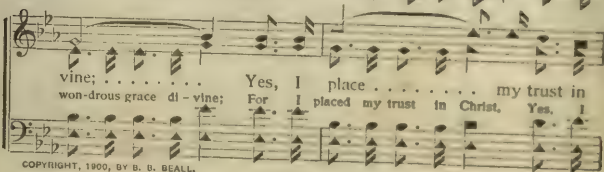
day, hap-py all the day; With His wondrous love He made my heart a-  
 day, hap-py all the day; Un-der-neath I have the ev-er-last-ing  
 day, hap-py all the day; Songs of praises un-to Him I'll ev-er



REFRAIN.  
 flame, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 arm, He washed all my sins a-way.  
 sing, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved.



I am saved, . . . . . Saved by won-drous grace di-  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, Saved by wondrous grace di-vine, Saved by



vine; . . . . . Yes, I place . . . . . my trust in  
 won-drous grace di-vine; For I placed my trust in Christ, Yes, I

# I'm Happy all the Day. Concluded.

Christ, . . . . . And now He is ev - er mine.  
placed my trust In Christ, And now He is ev - er mine. He's ev - er mine.

326

## I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

B. B. BEALL.

1. I'm glad that Je - sus was my Friend When I in ru - in lay;
2. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; When in the mir - y clay,
3. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; He washed my sins a - way,
4. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, Renews my strength each day;
5. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, He lights my des - ert way;

**FINE.**

He quick - ly to my res - cue came; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
He came and placed me on the Rock; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
And dwells in this poor heart of mine; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
In Him I find all that I need; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
I know He'll bring me safe - ly home; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

D. S.—Now Je - sus is my dear - est Friend, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I'm glad, I'm glad, to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;  
I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;

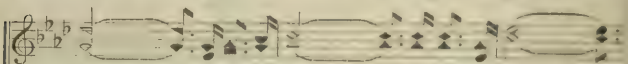
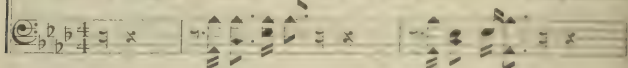
On Feb. 11th, 1900, Dr. Lansing Burrows preached in the First Church, Nashville, Tenn., from the text, "A bruised reed shall he not break." 1s. 42. 3. During the week previous he handed the following hymn, written by himself, to Miss Vesey, the leader of his choir, and asked her to sing it. She composed some music for it and sang it very sweetly and tenderly with telling effect. The audience was completely melted down. *Harpest Reflector*

LANSING BURROWS, D.D.

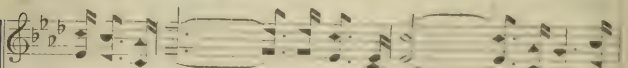
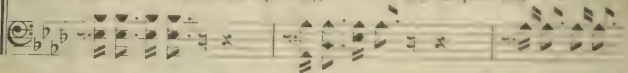
D. E. DORTCH.



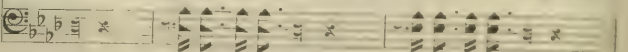
1. My bruised reed . . . Thou wilt not break. . . . Whose plain-tive  
 2. Nor wilt Thou quench . . . my smoking flax. . . . And my reed  
 3. No lon-ger bruised, . . . my reed shall sing . . . The glad-some



- notes . . . but discord make; . . . But wilt re-store  
 miss . . . ness harshly tax; . . . But my poor lamp  
 praise . . . of Christ my King; . . . My lamp no lon



- its strength a - gain, . . . And hon-or its . . . me-lo-dious  
 with fee-ble rays . . . Shall in Thine hands . . . burst forth a-  
 ger faint, nor dim, . . . Shall shine through-out . . . the world for



CHORUS.



- strain. . . . A bruised reed . . . shall He not break,  
 blaze. . . .  
 Him. . . .





And smoking flax . . . shall He not quench, . . . Till He send  
And smoking flax shall He not quench.

forth, . . . for you and me, . . . His judgment  
Till He send forth, . . . for you and me, . . .

His judgment un - to vic - to - ry. to vic - to - ry.

328

## OLD TENNESSEE.

As sung at the opening of the Tennessee Centennial. The official song of the B. Y. U. at Chattanooga, 1898. Sung in public free schools in Tennessee.

A. J. HOLT.

Alr, "Beulah Land."

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 The land of pure and balmy air,<br/>Of streams so clear and skies so fair,<br/>Of mountains grand and fountains<br/>free;<br/>The lovely land of Tennessee.</p> <p>Chorus.<br/>O, Tennessee! Fair Tennessee;<br/>The land of all the world to me;<br/>I stand upon thy mountains high,<br/>And hold communion with the sky,<br/>And view the glowing landscape o'er,<br/>Old Tennessee forevermore.</p> <p>2 The fairest of the fair we see,<br/>The bravest of the brave have we,</p> | <p>The freest of the noble free,<br/>In battle-scarred old Tennessee.</p> <p>3 The rarest fruits and fairest flowers,<br/>And happiest homes on earth are<br/>ours;<br/>If heaven below could only be,<br/>'Twould surely shine in Tennessee.</p> <p>4 Awake, my harp, with tuneful string,<br/>And of thy lovely country sing,<br/>From East to West the chorus be,<br/>God bless our dear old Tennessee.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24: 44.

Words and air by J. C. MIDYETT.

Altered and arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. On the rail - way of re - demp - tion from this world to par - a - dise, Runs the  
 2. There's a station near each dwelling where the soul may get on board, Whether  
 3. No man knows a - bout the sched - ule or the time the train will come, For at  
 4. There'll be weeping at the sta - tion when we take the part - ing hand, But the  
 5. Welcome train to bear my spir - it to its ev - er - last - ing rest, To that

train of sweet de - liv - er - ance from pain, And the soul that's meet and read y  
 com - ing from the mount - ain or the plain, And the train will pass that sta - tion  
 morning, noon or night, a welcome train May be waft - ed from the por - tals  
 grief will be with those who shall re - main, Since the spir - it that is read - y  
 gath'ring where the part - ed meet a - gain, To the glad - ness and the glo - ry

D. S. And the soul that's meet and read y

for the mansions in the skies, Will be wait - ing for the com - ing of the train.  
 by the or - der of the Lord, For those waiting for the com - ing of the train.  
 of the saints e - ter - nal home As a sig - nal for the com - ing of the train.  
 will re - ceive the sweet command, "Come, ye blessed," at the com - ing of the train.  
 of the mansions of the blest, I am read - y for the com - ing of the train.

for the mansions in the skies, Will be wait - ing for the com - ing of the train.

# CHORUS.

Will be wait - ing for the com - ing, ing,  
 Will be wait - ing for the com - ing, for the com - ing of the train,

# WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Will be wait - ing for the com - ing of the train.  
Will be wait - ing for the com - ing, for the com - ing of the train.

## 330 I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOOR.

W. T. DALE.

R. R. EMERSON.

1. Will you meet me at the door When my mor - tal conflict's o'er, When I  
2. Will you meet me at the door When I reach the oth - er shore, When the  
3. Will you meet me at the door With our friends who've gone before, Who are  
4. Will you meet me at the door When a - bove the stars I soar, When my  
5. When we've entered heaven's door, Then we'll part, no, nev - er - more; In that

### CHORUS.

lay my ar - mor down, And receive my shining crown? { Will you meet me,  
trouble waves are past, And I reach my home at last? { Yes, I'll meet you,  
watching at the gate, And our com - ing now a - wait?  
wea - ry wand'ring feet, Reach the heav'nly land so sweet?  
land with an - gels fair, We shall sing for - ev - er there.

will you meet me, will you meet me, Meet me at the door?  
yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll meet you, (Omit) Meet you at the door.

# 334 There Will be Light at the River.

JENNIE WISON.

A. J. SHOWALTER

1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's sol-emn shore,  
 2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shadows have come,  
 3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed,  
 4. There will be light for the faith-ful, What e'er the way they have trod.

There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.  
 Fade - less light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.  
 Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter, Peace that for - ev - er shall last.  
 Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

## REFRAIN.

There.....will be light at the riv - er, There.....  
 There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light.

will be light at the riv - er, There..... will be  
 bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed

light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.....  
 light at the riv - er, While the re-deemed ones pass o'er, pass o'er.



# 335 My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My  
a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I  
a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For  
a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For  
is a-ble to save;

## REFRAIN.

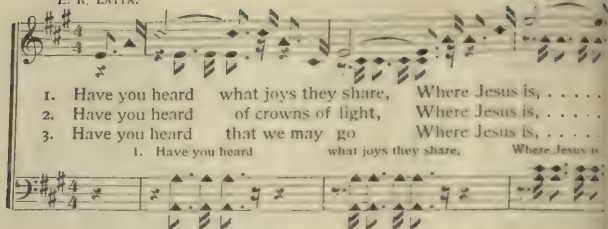
Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .  
know He is a-ble to save.  
Jesus is a-ble to save. is a-ble to save,  
Jesus is a-ble to save.

My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . . His grace is so  
is a-ble to save;

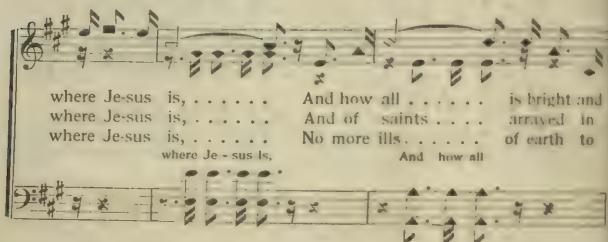
free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .  
is a-ble to save.

E. R. LATTI.

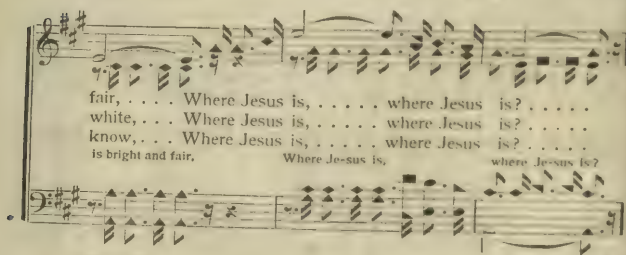
R. B. BEALL.



1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is, . . . .  
 2. Have you heard of crowns of light, Where Jesus is, . . . .  
 3. Have you heard that we may go Where Jesus is, . . . .  
 1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is

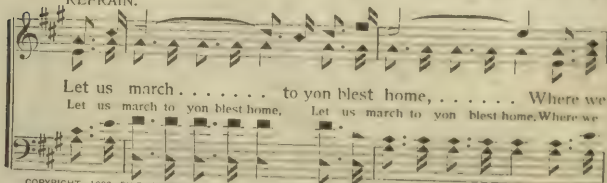


where Je-sus is, . . . . . And how all . . . . . is bright and  
 where Je-sus is, . . . . . And of saints . . . . . arrayed in  
 where Je-sus is, . . . . . No more ills . . . . . of earth to  
 where Je-sus is, . . . . . And how all



fair, . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . .  
 white, . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . .  
 know, . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . .  
 is bright and fair, . . . . . Where Je-sus is, . . . . . where Je-sus is?

## REFRAIN.



Let us march . . . . . to yon blest home, . . . . . Where we  
 Let us march to yon blest home, Let us march to yon blest home, Where we

# Where Jesus Is. Concluded.

nev - er more shall roam, . . . And no troub - les e'er can  
never more shall roam, Where we never more shall roam, And no troubles e'er can come, And no

come, . . . Where Jesus is, . . . where Jesus is. . . . .  
troubles e'er can come, Where Jesus is, where Je-sus is, where Je-sus is.

337

## Out of the Depths.

J. B. BEALL.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Out of the depths, oh Lord, my God! I, help-less, cry to Thee;
2. If Thou, oh, Lord! should'st sternly mark The heart's in iq - ui - ty,
3. But, that Thou may'st be ev-er feared, For-give-ness is with Thee:
4. Far more than they that anxious watch For morning's ris-ing hour,
5. Let Is - rael hope, my God, in Thee, For Thou hast mercy still;
6. He shall from all in - iq - ui - ty Re - dem His Is rael's host,

Hear Thou my hum-ble, suppliant word, And still at - tent - ive be.  
Oh, who shall stand when troubles dark O'er-hang life's stormy sea.  
My soul waits for the liv - ing Lord, Un - to His word I flee.  
My wait-ing soul doth long to catch The spir - it of His pow'r.  
And plenteous grace, re-demp-tion free, At - tend up - on Thy will.  
Give crowns of glo - ry to the free, Sal - va-tion to the lost.

E. R. LATTA

J. M. HOGAN.  
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the paths where others move;  
 2. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;  
 3. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the home and on the street;

And the har - vest that shall follow, Shall a bane or blessing prove;  
 Heed-less-ly how oft we scat-ter, Where there's need of greatest care;  
 Sow-ing good or sow-ing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;

Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet;  
 Now's the seed - time, full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si - bil - i - ty;  
 Let us ear - nest-ly en-deav - or, Seeds of hap - pi - ness to strew;

Or the seeds of love and mer-cy, That shall make existence sweet?  
 What the fruit - age we shall gather, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty?  
 That our fel - low men may bless us, Where-so-ev - er we may go.

## CHORUS.

Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,  
 Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.



# SOWING, EVER SOWING. Concluded.

Sow - ing tares or gol - den wheat;  
Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat, yes, Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat;

What, oh, what shall be the har - vest,  
What, oh, what shall be the har - vest, what, oh what shall be the har - vest,

When our sow - ing is com - plete, yes, is com - plete?  
When our sow ing, when our sow - ing is com plete, yes, is com - plete?

339

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

## O Could I Speak.

- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine:  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine,

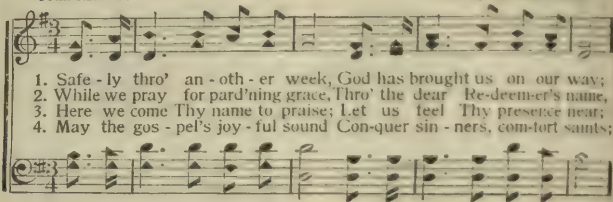
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

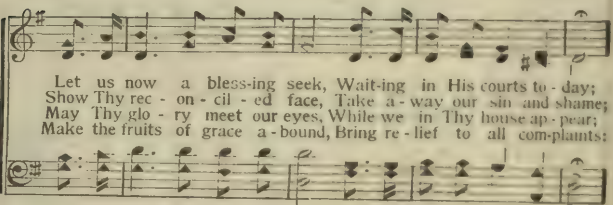
# 340 Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

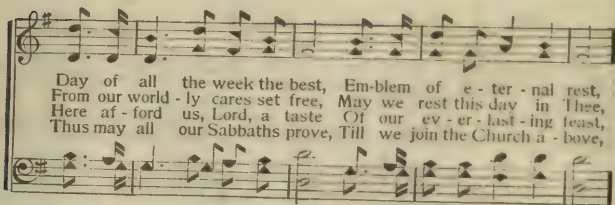
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



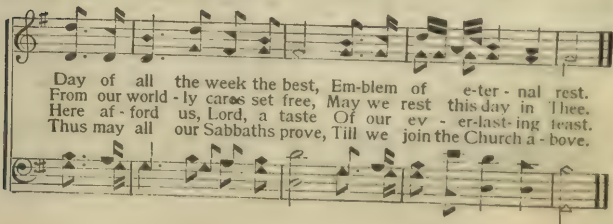
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;  
 2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,  
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;  
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;



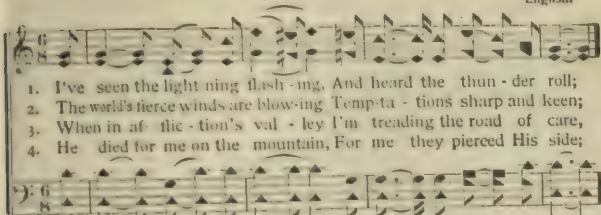
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints;



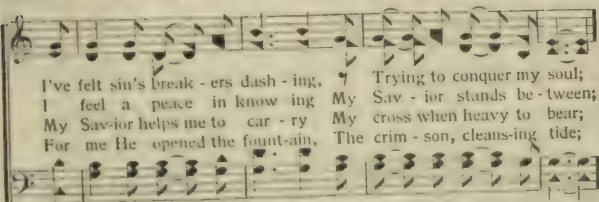
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest,  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,



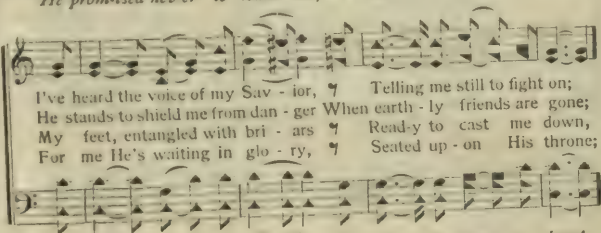
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



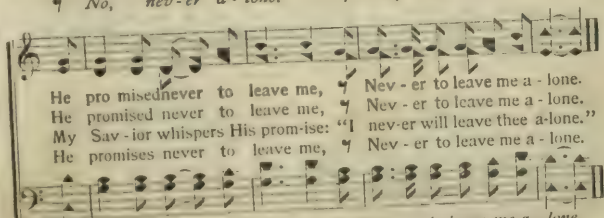
CHO. — ♪ No, nev - er a - lone! ♪ No, nev - er a - lone!



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, ♪ Nev - er to leave me a - lone;



♪ No, nev - er a - lone! ♪ No, nev - er a - lone!



He promised never to leave me, ♪ Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

# 342 CROWNING JESUS LORD OF ALL.

E. L. WESSON.

MATT. 25:31-34.

PROF. J. A. BENT

1. When Je - sus shall come in the full - ness of glo - ry, To  
 2. When judg - ment shall come and we all stand be - fore Him, To  
 3. When Je - sus in ac - cents of mer - cy shall call us, And  
 4. When judg - ment has passed and we en - ter the man - sion, Which  
 5. Dear sin - ner, O where will you stand on that morn - ing, You'll

gath - er un - to Him His own, And an - gels a - bout Him shall  
 an - swer for what we have done, When from His great book we shall  
 say un - to those on the right, "Come near un - to me all ye  
 He has pre - pared for His own, When dear ones re - deemed by His  
 be on the right or the left, If there you would be on the

shout the glad tid - ings, "He's com - ing to sit on His throne."  
 see our sins can - celled With blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.  
 blest of my Fa - ther, In - her - it the king - dom of light."  
 in - fi - nite mer - cy, Shall greet us a - bout the great throne.  
 right hand of Je - sus, Then haste to the Rock's bless - ed cleft.

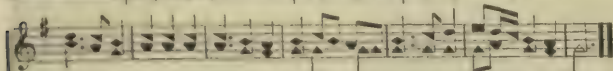
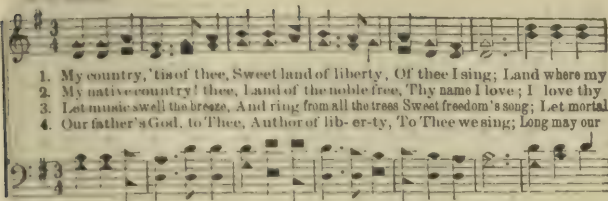
## CHORUS.

Then we'll crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, We will  
 Then we'll crown the lov - ing Sav - iour, Yes, we'll crown the lov - ing Sav - iour, We will

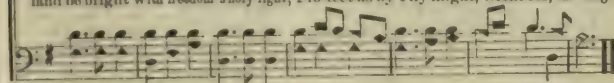
crown Him Lord of all, When He sits up - on His throne.  
 crown the lov - ing Sav - iour Lord of all, Lord of all,



S. F. SMITH.



father's died. Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and hills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



## 344 I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by Jos. F. BUTLER.

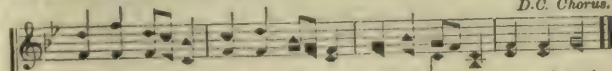


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, Bruis'd and man-gled by the fall,



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D.C. Chorus.



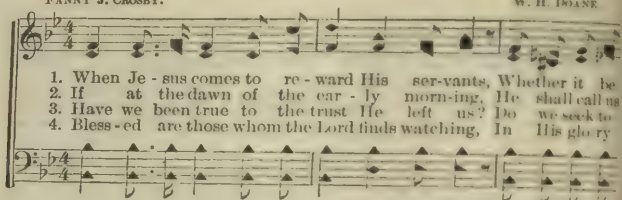
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir eth Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.



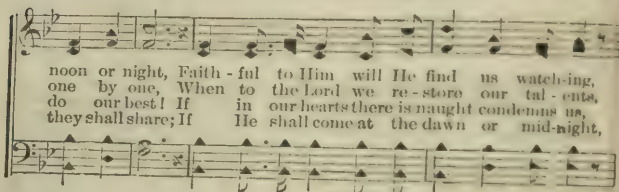
In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

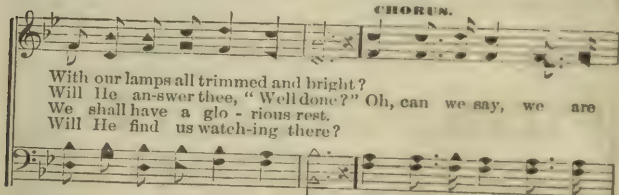


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

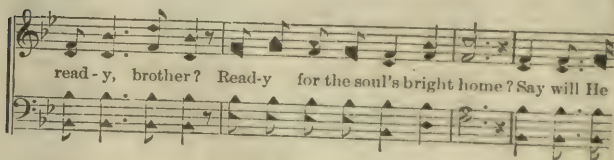


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemn - ing us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

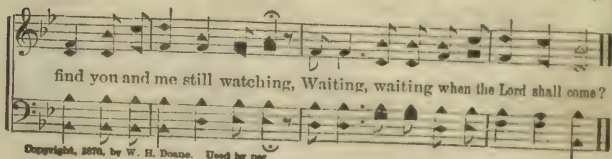
**CHORUS.**



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

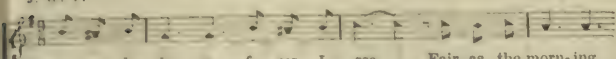


find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

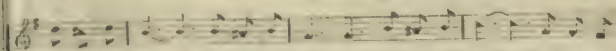
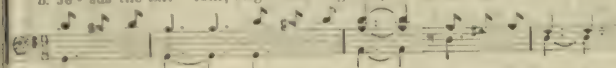
(SOLO OR DUET.)

J. W. V.

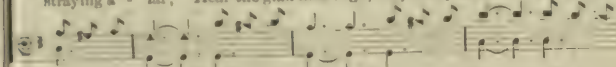
J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



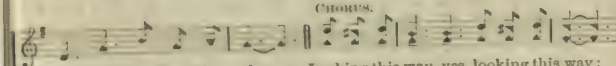
- |                                |                      |                           |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. O - ver the riv - er        | fa - ces I see,      | Fair as the morn - ing,   |
| 2. Fa - ther and moth - er,    | safe in the vale,    | Watch for the boat - man, |
| 3. Brother and sis - ter,      | gone to that clime,  | Wait for the oth - ers,   |
| 4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, | light of the home,   | Look - ing for some one,  |
| 5. Je - sus the Sav - iour,    | bright Morning Star, | Look - ing for lost ones  |



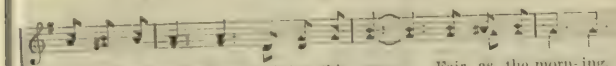
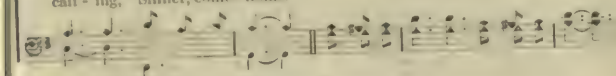
looking for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair. Waiting and  
wait for the sad; Hear ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the  
counting some time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for  
beckon - ing come; Bright as a sun beam, pure as the dew, Anxious - ly  
straying a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is



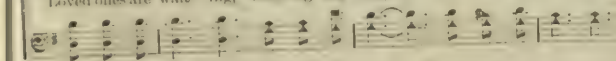
CHORUS.



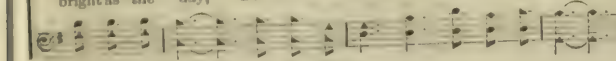
watch - ing pa - tient - ly there. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;  
har - bor, near to their side.  
dear ones wait - ing be - low.  
look - ing, moth - er, for you.  
call - ing, "Sinner, come home."



Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,



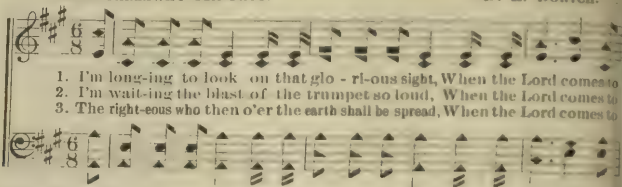
bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.



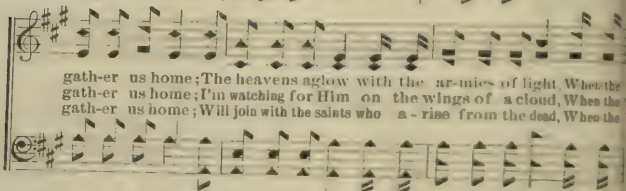
*"I will come again and receive you unto myself." — John 14: 3.*

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT.

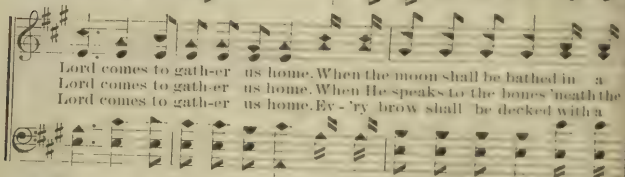
D. E. DORTCH.



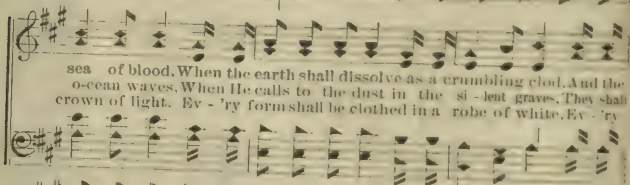
1. I'm long-ing to look on that glo - ri - ous sight, When the Lord comes to  
 2. I'm wait-ing the blast of the trumpet so loud, When the Lord comes to  
 3. The right-eous who then o'er the earth shall be spread, When the Lord comes to



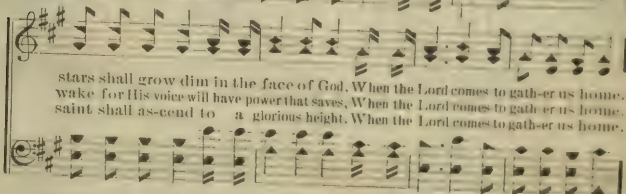
gath-er us home; The heavens aglow with the ar-mies of light, When the  
 gath-er us home; I'm watching for Him on the wings of a cloud, When the  
 gath-er us home; Will join with the saints who a - rise from the dead, When the



Lord comes to gath-er us home. When the moon shall be bathed in a  
 Lord comes to gath-er us home. When He speaks to the bones 'neath the  
 Lord comes to gath-er us home. Ev - ry brow shall be decked with a



sea of blood. When the earth shall dissolve as a crumbling clod. And the  
 o - cean waves. When He calls to the dust in the si - lent graves. They shall  
 crown of light. Ev - ry form shall be clothed in a robe of white. Ev - ry



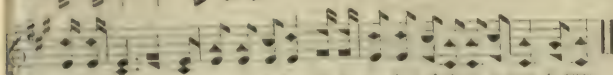
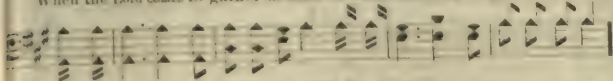
stars shall grow dim in the face of God. When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.  
 wake for His voice will have power that saves, When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.  
 saint shall as-cend to a glorious height. When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.



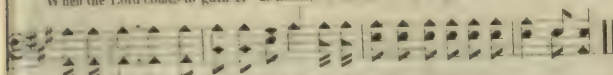
CHORUS.



When the Lord comes to gather us home. When the Lord comes to gather us home,



When the Lord comes to gather us home, To the man-sions of glo-ry no more to roam.



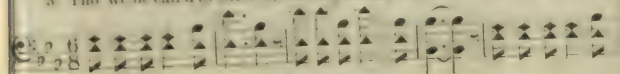
348 O TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

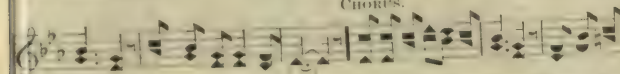
WILLIAM RUSSELL.



1. O to be more like Jesus, Tender and true and kind; Doing the Father's
2. Guiding the faint and weary, Up to the home a-bove, Fill'd with the grace of
3. Tho' we be call'd to suf-fer, Bearing with joy the cross; Self with its cares for-

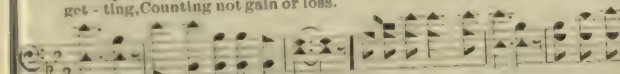


CHORUS.



pleasure, Seeking the lost to find.  
mer-cy, Fill'd with the light of love.  
get-ting, Counting not gain or loss.

O to be more like Jesus, Treading the



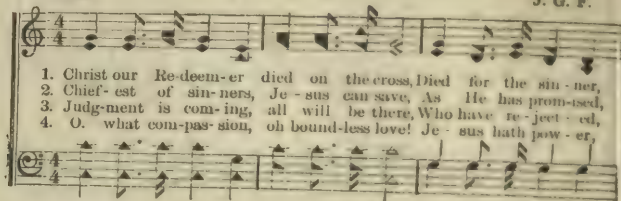
path He trod; Giving our lives for others, Trusting our all to God.

to God.

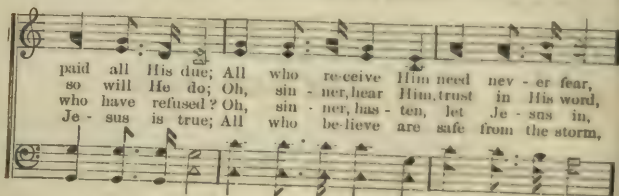


JOHN.

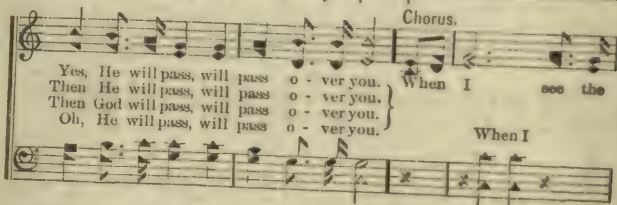
J. G. F.



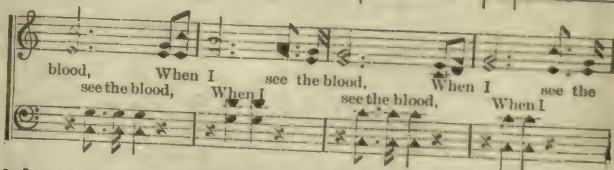
1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,  
 4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,



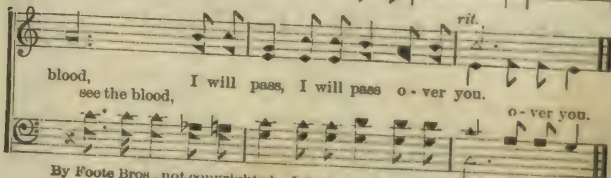
paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,  
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,  
 who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,  
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,



Chorus.  
 Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the  
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you. }  
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you. }  
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. } When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the  
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I



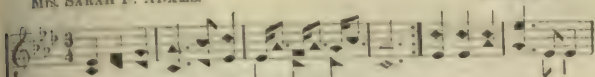
blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you. rit.  
 see the blood, o-ver you.

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever  
 be free to be published for the glory of God.

# 350 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

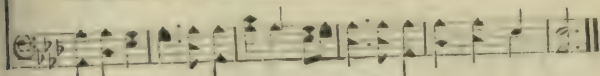
Scotch Air.



- |      |                                               |                               |
|------|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. { | Near-er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee,     | } Still all my song shall be. |
|      | E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;     |                               |
| 2. { | Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,    | } Yet in my dreams I'll be    |
|      | Darkness be o'er me, My rest a stone,         |                               |
| 3. { | There let the way appear, Steps un-to heaven. | } An-gels to beck-on me       |
|      | All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given;    |                               |

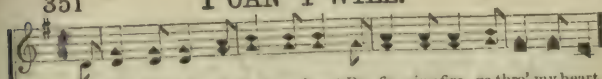


Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



351

## I CAN I WILL.



1. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart.
2. Sent-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, Sent-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part.
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call,



Chor. No. 1. I can, I will I do be-leave, I can, I will, I do be-leave.  
 Chor. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,



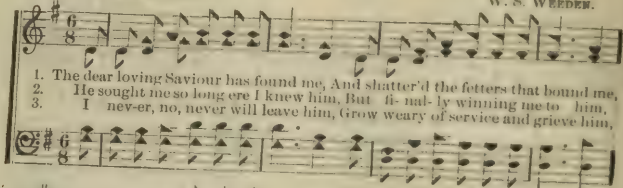
Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-mi-nate my soul.  
 Sent-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.  
 O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.  
 Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Spir-it of burn-ing, come.



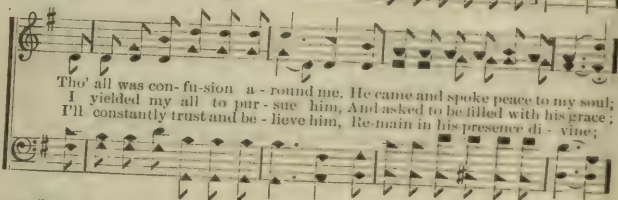
I can, I will, I do be-leave, That Je-sus saves me now.  
 I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

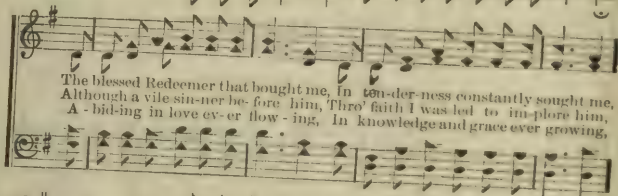
W. S. WEEDEN.



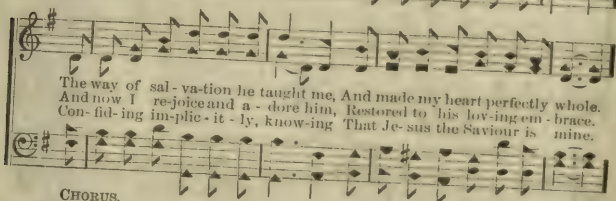
1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,  
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi-nal-ly winning me to him,  
 3. I nev-er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,



Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;  
 I yielded my all to pur-sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;  
 I'll constantly trust and be-lieve him, Re-main in his presence di-vine;

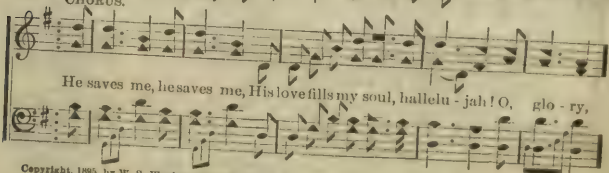


The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,  
 Although a vile sin-ner be-fore him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore him,  
 A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,



The way of sal-va-tion he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.  
 And now I re-joice and a-dore him, Restored to his lov-ing em-brace.  
 Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly, know-ing That Je-sus the Saviour is mine.

## CHORUS.



He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu-jah! O, glo-ry,



## HE SAVES ME. (Concluded.)

1 2

*Rit.*

O, glo - ry, { His Spir-it a - bid-eth with-in;  
His blood cleanses (omit.....) me from all sin.

353

## BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;  
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,  
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,  
4. Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man Once ru-ined by the fall,

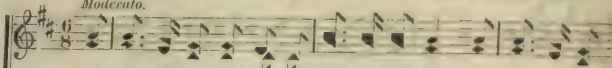
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.  
At God the Father's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.  
Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror Whose reign shall nev - er cease.  
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

### CHORUS.

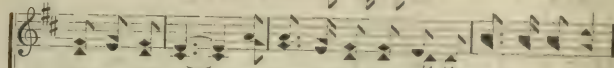
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;  
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
*Moderato.*

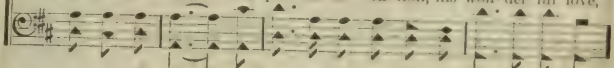
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



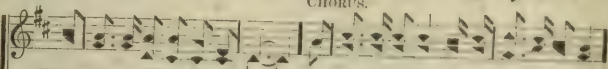
1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in



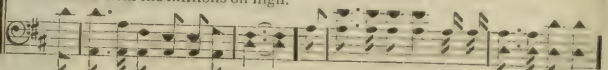
Sav-iour to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
 ful-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O, glo-ry to God  
 clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his won-der-ful love,



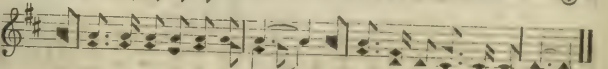
Chorus.



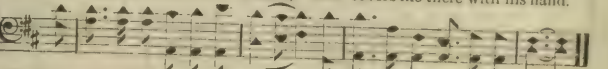
Where riv-ers of pleasure I see, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 He giveth me strength as my day.  
 For such a Redeem-er as mine.  
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,



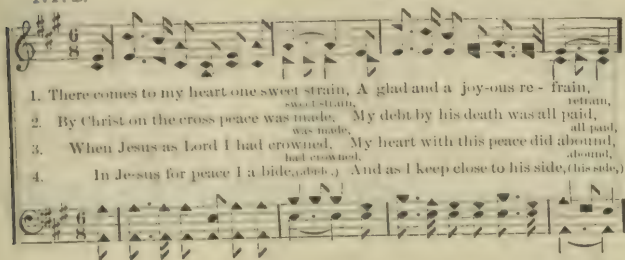
And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.



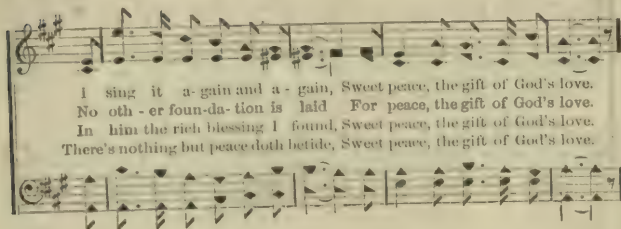
# 355 SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

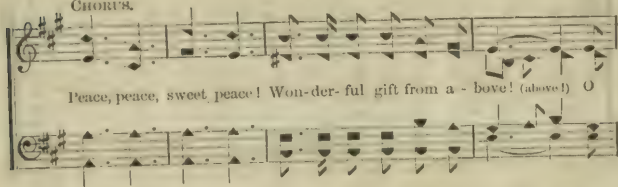


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re- frain,  
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,  
 3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,  
 4. In Jesus for peace I a bide, And as I keep close to his side, (this side,)

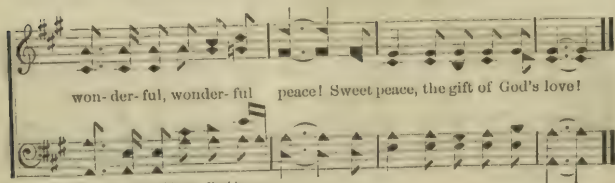


I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 No oth - er foun-da- tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der- ful gift from a - bove! (above!) O

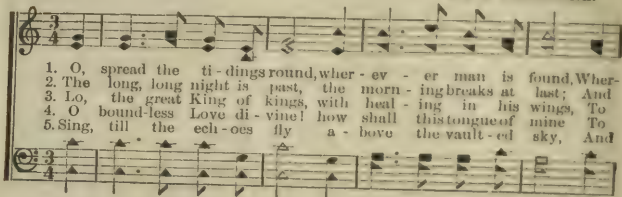


won-der- ful, wonder- ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

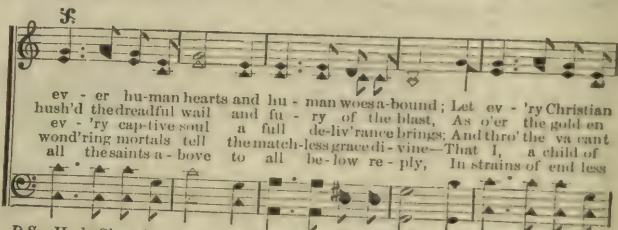
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter,  
that he may abide with you forever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

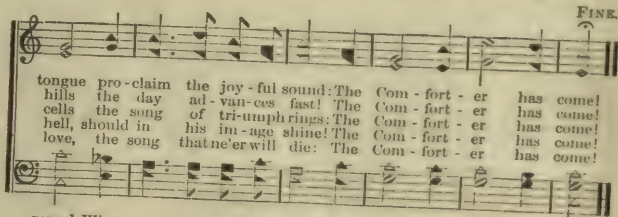


1. O, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -  
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And  
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To  
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold en  
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va cant  
wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of  
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end less

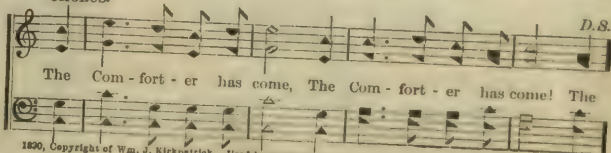
*D.S.*—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found: The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



# 357 A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—  
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;  
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will  
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.  
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

# 358 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

G. F. HANDEL.

(Second Tune.)

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

# 359 GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to my ear!  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet  
 While pressing on to God.

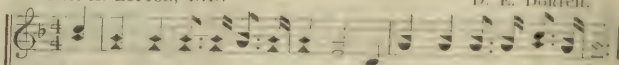
4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days:  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIEDGE.

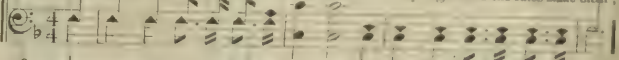
# 360 SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING.

GEO. A. LOFTON, D.D.

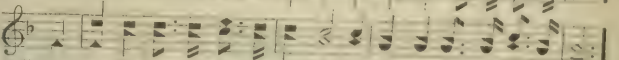
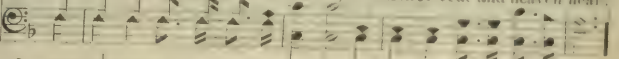
D. E. DORTCH.



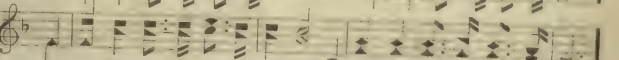
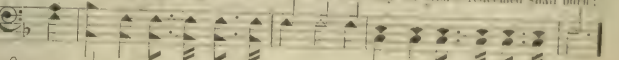
1. Somewhere the sun is always shining, Nowhere the sky is always drear;
2. Somewhere the stars are always showing, Nowhere the moon doth always wane;
3. Somewhere in life that's always whitest, Tho' of ten darkest seems the way;
4. 'Tis night reveals you star-ry cluster, The weeping clouds the skies make clear;



The black-est cloud with sil-ver lin-ing Dis-plays above the sunlit sphere;  
Somewhere the som-ber night is glowing With glad-some ray on sea or plane;  
The light will shine and shine the brightest, The lon-ger grows the perfect day;  
Thro' tears we catch coe-lal lus-ter, See earth re-cede and heaven near.



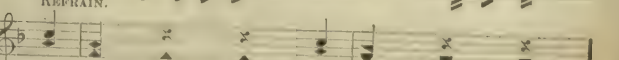
Somewhere the dawning always sheeneth, Nowhere the gloaming always fades;  
The world is dark, not all to-geth-er, Nor always an-y-where is night;  
There is a world in sa-cred sto-ry, Without a night or glimpse of gloom,  
A - bove the clouds at last as-cend-ed, The day of God's re-deemed shall burn;



And most the noontide bathes the ze-nith In viv-id glow, or In-cent shades,  
Suc-ces-sive lights and shadows rather, Relieves the earth from drought and blight,  
But shadows cross the path to glo-ry, And heaven opens to the tomb,  
And then the night forev-er end-ed, The stars of God shall ceaseless turn.

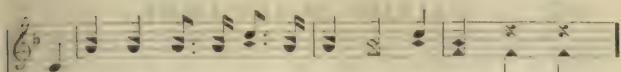


## REFRAIN.

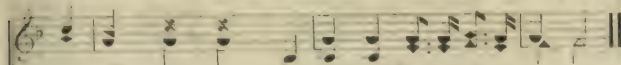


Some-where, some-where, Some-where, some-where,  
Some-where the sun is shin-ing, Some-where the sun is shin-ing,

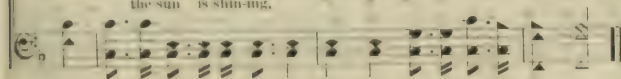




Somewhere the sun is al-ways shin-ing; Somewhere, some-where;  
the sun is shin-ing;



Some-where some - where, Some-where the sun is always shin - ing.  
the sun is shin-ing.

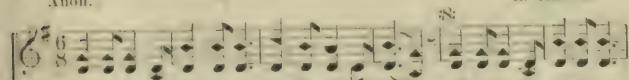


### 361 NOTHING EITHER GREAT OR SMALL.

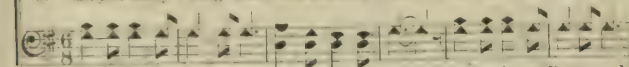
"He said it is finished." — John 19: 30.

Anon.

E. HANKS.

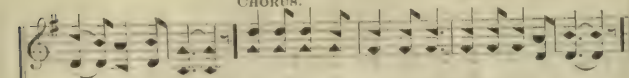


1. Noth-ing eith-er great or small, Noth-ing, sin-ner, no; . . . Je-sus did it, did it all.
2. When He from His loft-y throne, Stooped to do and die, . . . Ev'-ry-thing was ful-ly done;
3. Wea-ry, work-ing, plod-ding one, Wherefore toil you so? . . . Cease your do-ing, all was done.
4. 'Till to Je-sus' work you et'ing By a sim-ple faith, "Do-ing" is a dead-ly thing.
5. Cast your dead-ly "do-ing" down, Down at Je-sus' feet; Stand in Him, in Him a-lone.



D.S. *Sinner, this is all you need!*

#### CHORUS.



Long, long a - go. "It is finished!" Yes, indeed, finished ev'ry jot.  
Hearken to His cry.  
Long, yes, long a - go.  
"Doing" ends in death.  
Gloriously com-plete.



*Tell me is it not?*

Copyright, 1902, by D. E. DORTCH.

## WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prop. 4: 18.

Eld. W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.

DUET. *p*

1. In the way of truth and right, With a hope that's clear and bright.  
 2. Ma-ny dan-gers may be near, But of these I have no fear.  
 3. Thus, the ransomed of the Lord, With their Sav-iour, in ac-cord.  
 4. When my days on earth shall cease, In that home of per-fect peace.

QUARTET. *f*

I am walk - ing in the light, I am walk - ing in the light;  
 For I'm walk - ing in the light, For I'm walk - ing in the light;  
 All are walk - ing in the light, All are walk - ing in the light;  
 If I'm walk - ing in the light, If I'm walk - ing in the light;

DUET. *m*

Here the good and true and pure, Who e - ter - nal life se - cure,  
 Naught can harm me in the way, As I press toward end - less day.  
 And they all with joy at last, When the toil-some way is past.  
 I shall join the saved and blest, Who have en-tered in - to rest.

QUARTET. *ff*

FULL CHORUS.

All are walk-ing in the light, in the light. I am walk-ing in the  
 For I'm walk-ing in the light, in the light.  
 En - ter Zi-on's gates of light, fade-less light.  
 Where they dwell in cloudless light, cloudless light. I am walk

light, I am walk-ing in the light, walk - ing, walk-ing, walking in the  
 ing, walk - - ing, walking in the light, walking in the



light; I must on-ward press my way, Till I pass the gates of  
 day, Where the Sav - iour is the light, bless-ed light.  
 Je - sus is the light.

*rit. e dim.*

## 363 JESUS HAS GATHERED US IN.

FOR WEE VOICES.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

E. HANKS.

1. Ten-der-ly, lov-ing-ly guard-ed, Shel-tered from sorrow and sin,  
 2. O from the fold of the Shepherd How can we wan-der or stray?  
 3. Je - sus will guide us for-ev - er, And when life's jour-ney is past,

Safe in the fold of the Shepherd, Je - sus has gathered us in.  
 Up to the cit - y e - ter - nal Je - sus is lead-ing the way.  
 In - to the king-dom of glo - ry We shall be gathered at last.

*FINE.*

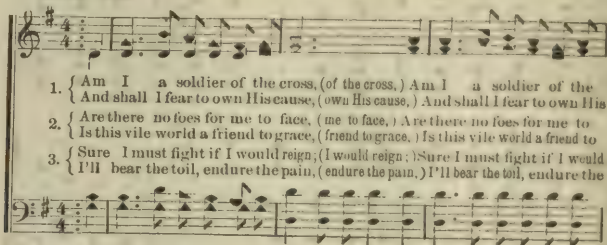
REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

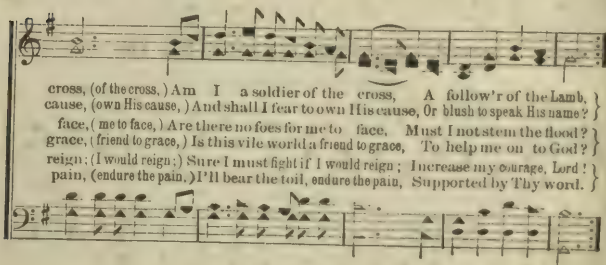
Gathered us in, gathered us in, Je - sus has gathered us in.  
 Lead-ing the way, lead-ing the way, Je - sus is lead-ing the way.  
 Gathered at last, gathered at last, We shall be gathered at last.

# 364 WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.

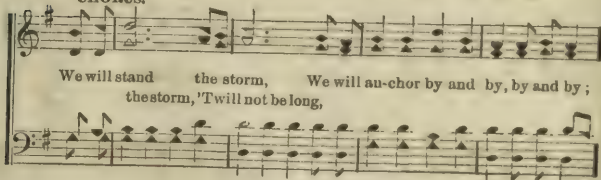


1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the  
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His  
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to  
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the

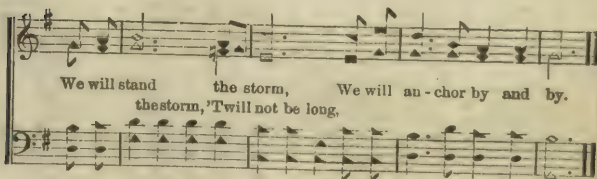


cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, }  
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood? }  
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? }  
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! }  
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word. }

## CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



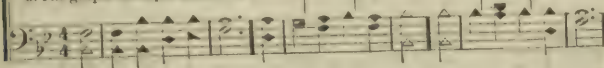
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

CHARLES WESLEY.

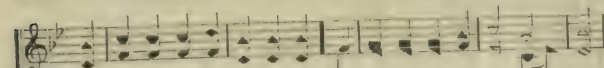
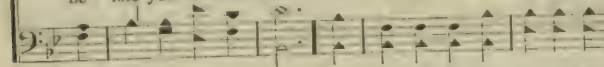
LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;
3. Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption through His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib-er-ty re-ceive, And safe in Jesus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Receive it back unbought,
6. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, save from earth, appear



To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;  
 Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;  
 Through-out the world pro-claim: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;  
 And blest in Je-sus live: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;  
 The gift of Je-sus' love: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;  
 Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;



The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.



(See Music above.)

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears:  
 ¶: Before the throne my surety stands; ¶  
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above  
 For me to intercede,  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood to plead;  
 ¶: His blood atoned for all our race; ¶  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,  
 His dear appointed one;  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of His Son;  
 ¶: His spirit answers to the blood, ¶  
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled;  
 His pardoning voice I hear:  
 He owns me for His child;  
 I can no longer fear:  
 ¶: With confidence I now draw nigh, ¶  
 And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## A REFUGE FOR THEE.

"God is our refuge and strength."—1'S. 46: 1.

BIRDIE LEE FITZGERALD.

REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. There's a ref-uge for thee, O storm-tossed soul, A rest from thy  
 2. Are the clouds growing dense a-bove thee to-day? Is there pov-er-ty,  
 3. O broth-er, why lin-ger, why grieve for the past, Why fear for the

bur-den of sin. Let the strong arms of Je-sus thy be-ing en-fold, And  
 sor-row or pain? Go ye quick-ly to Je-sus, this moment a-way, His  
 days yet to be? In the light of His face no sor-row can last, The

## CHORUS.

His pow'r shall cleanse thee with-in. Our God..... is a ref-uge,  
 love will bring sun-shine a-gain.  
 Lord is a ref-uge for thee. Our God is a ref-uge, a shel-ter-ing dome,

Our God..... is a shel-ter-ing dome, His mer-cy shall guide us to  
 Our God is a ref-uge, a shel-ter-ing dome,

yon-der bright home, Where lov'd ones sing an-thems of peace.....  
 sing anthems of peace.



ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;  
 3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;  
 4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
 Ho - san - nals lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

## 369

## JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid myself of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am! tho' toes'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

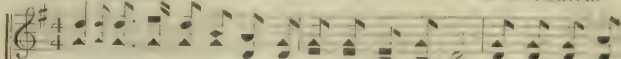
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 Fighting and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
 Because Thy promise I believe:  
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

Words suggested by a sermon preached in the M. E. Church, Bigbyville, Tenn., by Rev. J. H. Dinning.

W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.



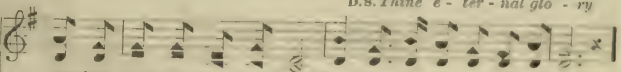
1. Keep close to Je - sus, while you jour - ney here be - low, Trust Him as you
2. Keep close to Je - sus, in the vale of tri - al drear, Sor - row will be
3. Keep close to Je - sus, in the hap - py days of youth, Glean - ing in life's
4. When the eve - ning shadows hide the sun - set's dy - ing beams, Peer - ing thro' the



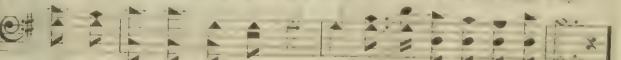
fol - low, where He leads you glad - ly go. Fel - low - ship de - light - ful  
sweet - ened when you feel that He is near, Soon the clouds will scatter,  
har - vest field, as once did love - ly Ruth, Glad - ly then at eve - ning,  
dark - ness, thou shalt see the cit - y's gleams, Thine a glo - rious tri - umph.



D. S. Thine e - ter - nal glo - ry



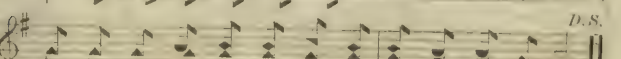
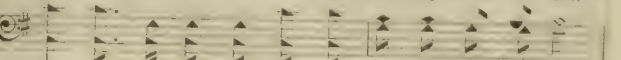
ev - 'ry mo - ment thou shalt know, Keep close to Je - sus all the way,  
then in sun - shine bright and clear, Keep close to Je - sus all the way,  
with thy garnered sheaves of truth, Keep close to Je - sus all the way,  
which ex - ceeds thy fond - est dreams, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.



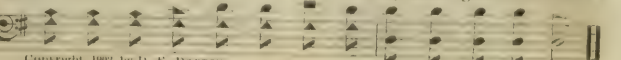
when the pearl - y gates are passed, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.  
CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus, thou shalt reach thy home at last,



Don the robes im - mor - tal, and the way - worn garments cast



# 371 GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Spanish Melody from Marecho.

1. Gen- tly, Lord, O gen- tly lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears;  
 2. When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
 3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,  
 4. When this mortal life is end- ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

And, O Lord, in mer- cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
 Let Thy goodness nev- er fail us, Lead us in Thy per- feet way.  
 Suf- fer not our hearts to languish, Suf- fer not our souls to fear.  
 Till, by an- gel hands at- tend- ed, We a- wake a- mong the blest.

D.S.—O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil- derness.

O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilder- ness;

372

GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.  
 (Second Time.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Gen- tly, Lord, O gen- tly lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears;  
 D.C.—O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil- der- ness.

And, O Lord, in mer- cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.

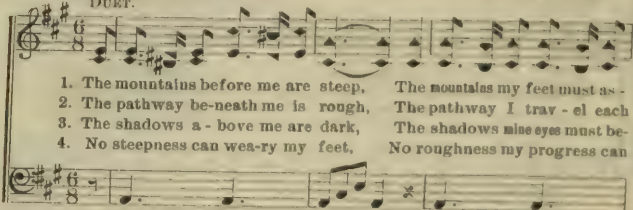
# 373 MY STEPS SHALL NOT SLIDE.

"None of his steps shall slide."—Ps. 37: 31.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT.

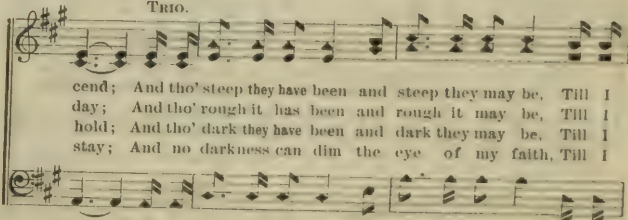
D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.



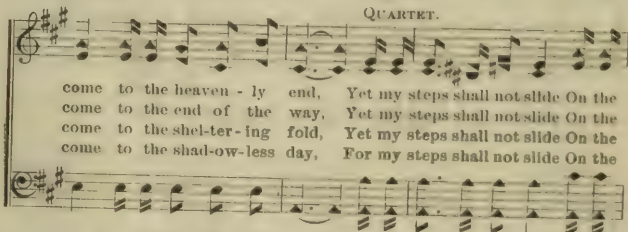
1. The mountain before me are steep,      The mountain my feet must as -  
 2. The pathway be-neath me is rough,      The pathway I trav - el each  
 3. The shadows a - bove me are dark,      The shadows mine eyes must be  
 4. No steepness can wea-ry my feet,      No roughness my progress can

TRIO.

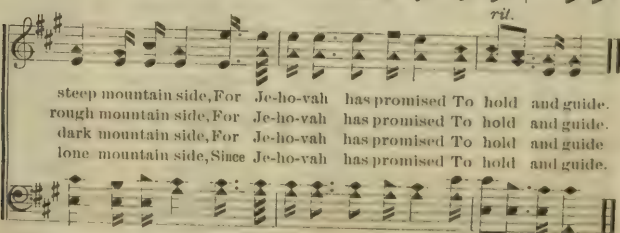


end; And tho' steep they have been and steep they may be, Till I  
 day; And tho' rough it has been and rough it may be, Till I  
 hold; And tho' dark they have been and dark they may be, Till I  
 stay; And no darkness can dim the eye of my faith, Till I

QUARTET.



come to the heaven - ly end,      Yet my steps shall not slide On the  
 come to the end of the way,      Yet my steps shall not slide On the  
 come to the shel-ter-ing fold,      Yet my steps shall not slide On the  
 come to the shad-ow-less day,      For my steps shall not slide On the

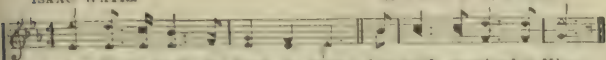


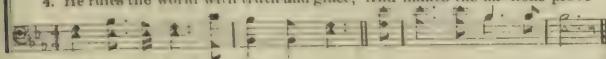
steep mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.  
 rough mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.  
 dark mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide  
 lone mountain side, Since Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.



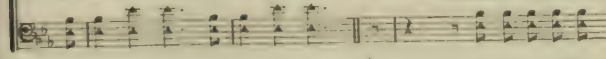
ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

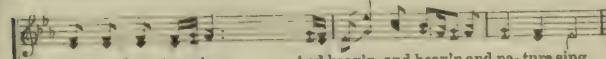
- 
1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
  2. Joy to the earth; the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs employ;
  3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground;
  4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na- tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and naturessing, And  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re -  
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far  
The glo-ries of His righteous-ness, And wonders of His love, And  
And heav'n and nature




heav'n and na- turesing,  
peat the sound- ing joy,  
as the curse is found,  
wonders of His love,  
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

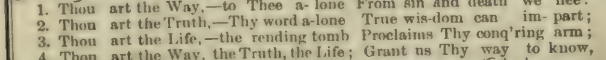


And heav'n, and heav'n and na- ture sing.  
Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
Far as, far as the curse is found.  
And won- ders, won- ders of His love.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

- 
1. Thou art the Way, — to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee:
  2. Thou art the Truth, — Thy word a-lone True wis-dom can im-part;
  3. Thou art the Life, — the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conq'ring arm;
  4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us Thy way to know,



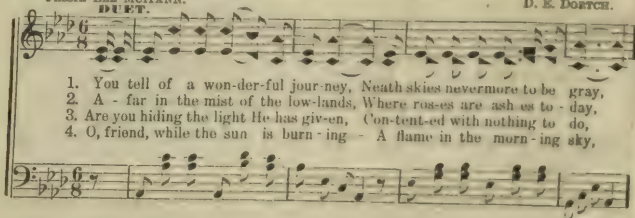
And he who would the Fa-ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.  
Thou on - ly canst in-struct the mind, And pur - i - fy the heart.  
And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.  
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

# 376 ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

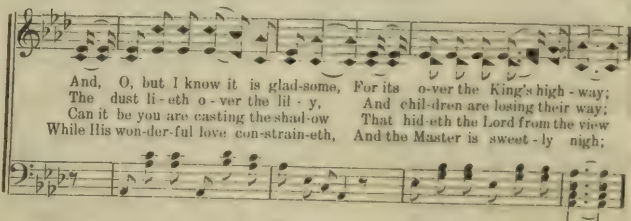
(Lines suggested by a sermon preached by Elder J. W. Brougher at the First Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn.)

JESSIE LEE MCHANN.  
DUET.

D. E. DORTCH.

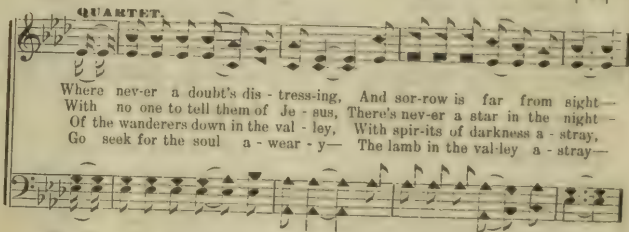


1. You tell of a won-der-ful jour-ney, Neath skies nevermore to be gray,  
2. A - far in the mist of the low-lands, Where ros-es are ash-es to - day,  
3. Are you hid-ing the light He has giv-en, Con-tent-ed with nothing to do,  
4. O, friend, while the sun is burn-ing - A flame in the morn-ing sky,



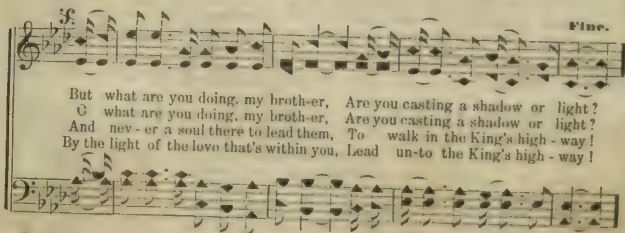
And, O, but I know it is glad-some, For its o-ver the King's high - way;  
The dust li-eth o-ver the lil - y, And chil-dren are losing their way;  
Can it be you are casting the shad-ow That hid-eth the Lord from the view  
While His won-der-ful love con-strain-eth, And the Master is sweet - ly nigh;

QUARTET.



Where nev-er a doubt's dis - tress-ing, And sor-row is far from sight -  
With no one to tell them of Je - sus, There's nev-er a star in the night -  
Of the wanderers down in the val - ley, With spir-its of darkness a - stray,  
Go seek for the soul a - wear - y - The lamb in the val-ley a - stray -

Fine.



But what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?  
O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?  
And nev-er a soul there to lead them, To walk in the King's high - way!  
By the light of the love that's within you, Lead un-to the King's high - way!

D. S. O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?

Copyright, 1902, by D. E. Dortch

# ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.

Are you casting a shadow or light? Are you casting a shadow or light?  
or light? or light?

377

## GIVE ME THINE HEART.

W. T. DALE.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Full oft I've heard this gentle whis-per, Too oft I've turned my ears a-way,  
2. Too oft I've kept the Master knocking, For oft I've heard His voice before,  
3. But now I yield His grace sub-du-ing This poor, re-bel lious heart of mine;

And grieved the blessed, Ho-ly Spir-it, By wait-ing for an-oth-er day.  
And yet that voice I have been mocking, So sweet-ly call-ing o'er and o'er.  
His love my in-most soul im-bu-ing, Turns all my heart to love di-vine.

*m* CHORUS.

*m*

Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart,  
Give me thine heart,

**Forte.**

My son, My son, Give me thine heart.  
My son, give me thine heart, My son, give me thine heart,

# 378 "STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

A fisherman, who habitually drank to excess, says a writer in *the Glasgow Herald*, used to sail from a small cove on the Scottish coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no light-house to guide him, not even a beacon light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming and soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out, "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

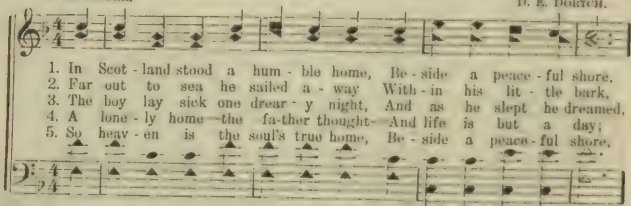
The boy died; and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness, "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

Springing to his feet he called out, "You're right this time, my son!"

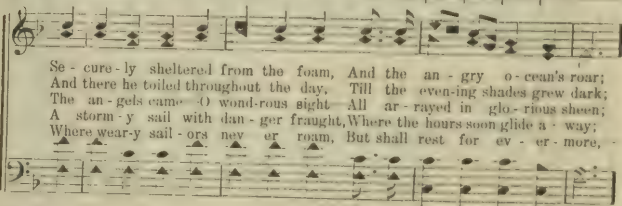
From that moment he was a changed man; he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and served him until he was taken to heaven to join his little son, whom he had loved so much.

W. G. COOPER.

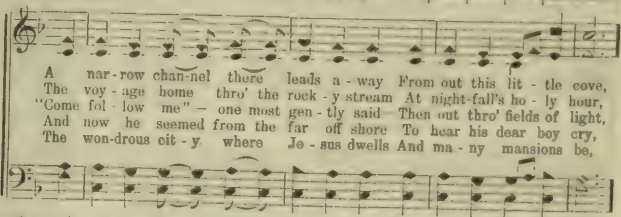
D. E. DORTCH.



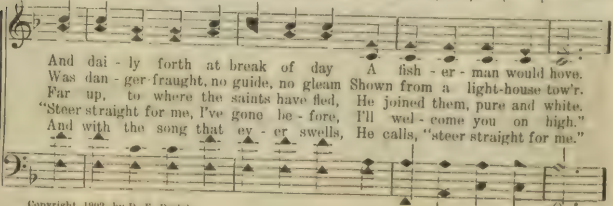
1. In Scot - land stood a hum - ble home, Be - side a peace - ful shore,  
 2. Far out to sea he sailed a - way With - in his lit - tle bark,  
 3. The boy lay sick one drear - y night, And as he slept he dreamed,  
 4. A lone - ly home the fa - ther thought - And life is but a day;  
 5. So heav - en is the soul's true home, Be - side a peace -ful shore,



Se - cure - ly sheltered from the foam, And the an - gry o - cean's roar;  
 And there he toiled throughout the day, Till the even - ing shades grew dark;  
 The an - gels came - O wond - rous sight All ar - rayed in glo - rious sheen;  
 A storm - y sail with dan - ger fraught, Where the hours soon glide a - way;  
 Where wear - y sail - ors nev - er roam, But shall rest for ev - er - more,



A nar - row chan - nel there leads a - way From out this lit - tle cove,  
 The voy - age home thro' the rock - y stream At night - fall's ho - ly hour,  
 "Come fol - low me" - one most gen - tly said Then out thro' fields of light,  
 And now he seemed from the far off shore To hear his dear boy cry,  
 The won - drous cit - y where Je - sus dwells And ma - ny man - sions be,



And dai - ly forth at break of day A fish - er - man would hove.  
 Was dan - ger - fraught, no guide, no gleam Shown from a light - house tow'r.  
 Far up, to where the saints have fled, He joined them, pure and white.  
 "Steer straight for me, I've gone be - fore, I'll wel - come you on high."  
 And with the song that ey - er swells, He calls, "steer straight for me."



# "STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

CHORUS.

1. 4. "Dear father, when you homeward turn," His lit - tle boy each day would call, "Steer  
5. O, sail - or, when you homeward turn, Your Saviour there each day would call, "Steer

straight for me and safe re-turn, When'er the evening shades shall fall,  
the evening shades shall fall."  
straight for me and safe re-turn, Be-fore the evening shadows fall,  
evening shadows fall."

379

## NOW BELIEVE IN CHRIST.

The words "Jesus, I my cross have taken," No. 381, may be sung to this tune.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY

D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's forgiveness for the sin - ner,  
2. Thou hast wandered far in dark-ness,  
3. Though thy bark's among the bil - lows,  
4. Haste, poor soul, the storm is gath'ring,

Christ has paid thy debt to God;  
Thou art ru - ined and un-done,  
Toss - ing on the stormy wave;  
Haste to Christ, the Refuge near;

There is res-cue from thy ru - in,  
But there's help for thee in Je - sus,  
Look - ing un - to Je - sus on - ly,  
There thy soul will find safe shel-ter,

There is cleansing in the blood.  
If you trust what He has done.  
Thou wilt find Him strong to save.  
Rest with-out a doubt or fear.

D. S. And re - ceive the pre-cious bless-ing,

The sal - va - tion He has won.

CHORUS.

Now be - lieve in Christ the Sav - iour, Come, poor, hopeless, wretched one;

A. S. KIEFFER

R. H. EMERSON

1. O the night of time soon shall pass a - way And the hap - py gold-en  
 2. O the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to  
 3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e -

day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side  
 earth a - gain; O the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come Him,  
 ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un - to Christ our King,

**CHORUS.**  
 And the king - ly crown put on.  
 When He comes once more to reign! We are watch-ing now for the  
 In the gold - en glad ar - ray.

morn - ing light, For the new Je - ru - sa - lem to come, We are

wait - ing still for the Sav-iour Christ, Who will call His chil-dren home.

# 381 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too;  
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;  
 4. Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
 Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;  
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.  
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
 D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
 D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.  
 D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!  
 D.S.—Think that Jesus died to win thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?  
 D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee;  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!  
 Think what Spir - it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

## 382 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.  
 (Second Tune.)

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

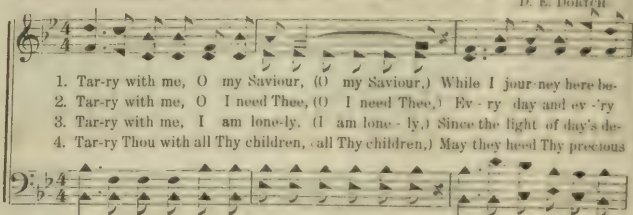
1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee; }  
 { Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. }

D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
 Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

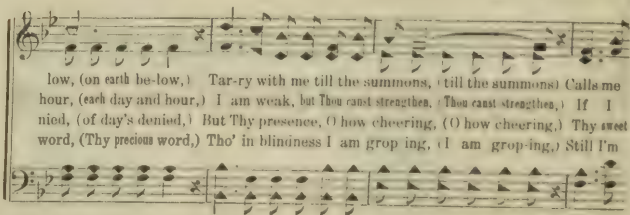
Written by Mrs. Jas. T. Weldon, of the New Salem Baptist Church, Coffey, Mo. She has been blind for several years. She is a saintly woman.—"Word and Way."

"Jesus, I my cross have taken," may be sung to this tune.—See No. 381.

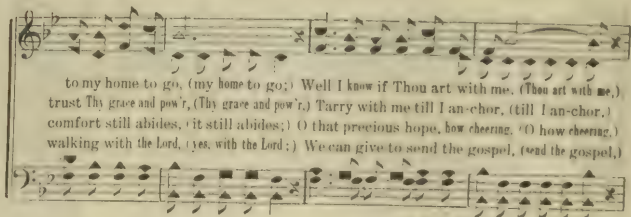
D. E. DORTCH.



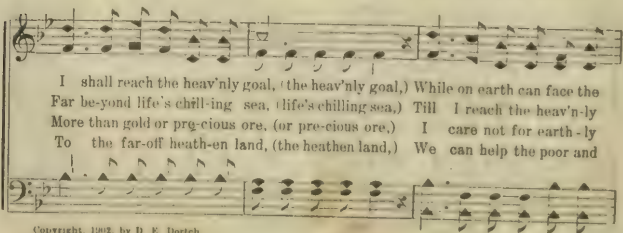
1. Tar-ry with me, O my Saviour, (O my Saviour,) While I jour-ney here be-
2. Tar-ry with me, O I need Thee, (O I need Thee,) Ev-ry day and ev-ry
3. Tar-ry with me, I am lone-ly. (I am lone-ly,) Since the light of day's de-
4. Tar-ry Thou with all Thy children, (all Thy children,) May they heed Thy precious



low, (on earth be-low,) Tar-ry with me till the summons, (till the summons) Calls me  
hour, (each day and hour,) I am weak, but Thou canst strengthen, (Thou canst strengthen,) If I  
nied, (of day's denied,) But Thy presence, O how cheering, (O how cheering,) Thy sweet  
word, (Thy precious word,) Tho' in blindness I am grop ing, (I am grop-ing,) Still I'm



to my home to go, (my home to go;) Well I know if Thou art with me, (Thou art with me,)  
trust Thy grace and pow'r, (Thy grace and pow'r,) Tarry with me till I an-chor, (till I an-chor.)  
comfort still abides, (it still abides;) O that precious hope, how cheering, (O how cheering.)  
walking with the Lord, (yes, with the Lord;) We can give to send the gospel, (send the gospel,)



I shall reach the heav'nly goal, (the heav'nly goal,) While on earth can face the  
Far be-yond life's chill-ing sea, (life's chilling sea,) Till I reach the heav'n-ly  
More than gold or pre-cious ore, (or pre-cious ore,) I care not for earth-ly  
To the far-off heath-en land, (the heath-en land,) We can help the poor and



# TARRY WITH ME.

billows, (face the billows,) With Thy glo - ry in my soul, (within my soul.)  
 portals, (heav'nly portals,) And for - ev - er rest with Thee, (shall rest with Thee.)  
 pleasures, (earthly pleasures,) Give me Je - sus, I ask no more, (I ask no more.)  
 need y, poor and need y, Help them reach the heav'nly land, (the heav'nly land.)

384

# IT IS FINISHED.

W. T. DALE.

R. R. EMERSON.

1. "It is fin-ished!" so he cried, Bow'd his head and thus he died;  
 2. "It is fin-ished!" all is o'er, All his pains and an-guish sore;  
 3. "It is fin-ished!" bless ed thought, Com-fort to our heart is brought;

**Fine.**  
 Now re - deem - ing work is done, Now our tri - umph is be - gun.  
 All his suf - frings here are past, Now he con - quers sin at last.  
 Man may now ap - proach the throne, Rec - on - ciled to God a - lone.  
 D. S. It is fin - ished, yes, in - deed, I can now be - come His child.

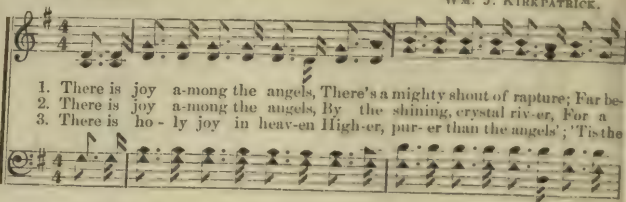
CHORUS.

D. S.

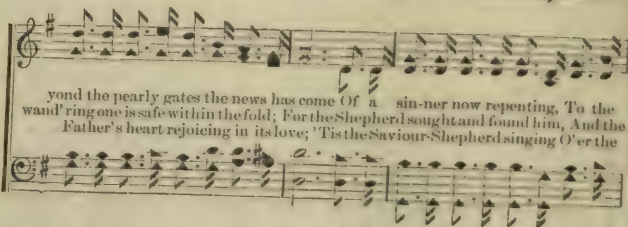
It is fin - ished, it is fin-ished, Man to God is rec - on - ciled,

E. E. HEWITT.

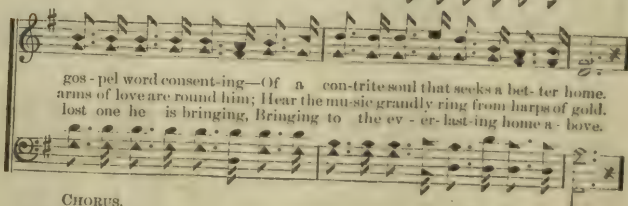
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-  
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, By the shining, crystal riv-er, For a  
 3. There is ho-ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur-er than the an-gels'; 'Tis the

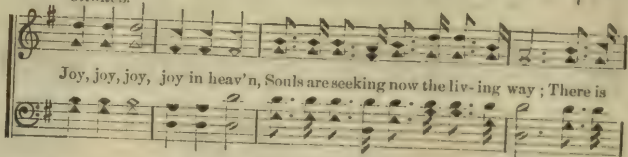


yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now repenting, To the  
 wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the  
 Father's heart rejoicing in its love; 'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing O'er the

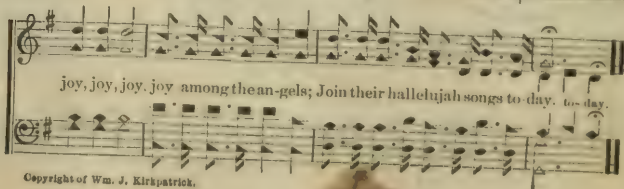


gos-pel word consent-ing—Of a con-trite soul that seeks a bet-ter home.  
 arms of love are round him; Hear the music grandly ring from harps of gold.  
 lost one he is bringing, Bringing to the ev-er-last-ing home a-bove.

## CHORUS.



Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n, Souls are seeking now the liv-ing way; There is



joy, joy, joy, joy among the an-gels; Join their hallelujah songs to day, to-day.

MARY BARBER DANA.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;  
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood; O-pened wide the gate to God;  
 3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one:

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Peace I ask— but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one in thee.  
 Chase these doubt-ings from my heart; Now thy per - fect peace im - part.

## 387 Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

## 388 Lord, We Come. 7s.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a gracious God, and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

## 389 Depth of Mercy. 7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds and spreads his  
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 390 Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou holy book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city."—REV. 21 : 10

W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a home whose grandeur has to mor-tals ne'er been told, And its  
 2. The saints of all the a - ges, as a - way from earth they soar, All are  
 3. A pro-gress grand in knowledge, each redeemed one there a-waits, While the  
 4. I soon shall join their num-ber, when the clouds are backward roll'd, The e-

beau-ty far ex-ceeds my fond-est dream; O its mansions rise in splendor,  
 gathered safe with - in its peace-ful fold; They shall know and love each other,  
 vast e - ter - nal a - ges are unrolled; Growing more and more like Je-sus,  
 ter - nal morn shall o - pen to my view; Where in all His matchless glo - ry,

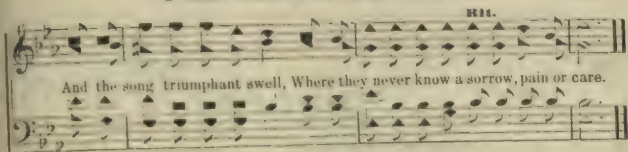
and the str - ts are paved with gold, And for-ev-er flows life's beauteous crystal stream.  
 and shall part, no! nev-er-more, Nev-er sickness, then, nor fu-neral bell is tolled.  
 their en-joy-ment ne'er a-bates, And their robes unsoiled and spotless ne'er grow old.  
 I my Sav-iour shall be-hold, And the song of my REDEMPTION shall re-new.

**CHORUS.**  
 'Twill ex-ceed my fond-est dream, By the beauteous crys-tal stream, In the

pres-ence of my Sav-iour o-ver there, With the good and pure to dwell,



# THE HEAVENLY CITY.



392

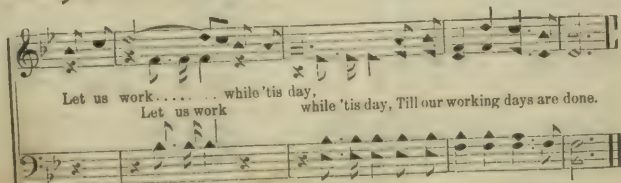
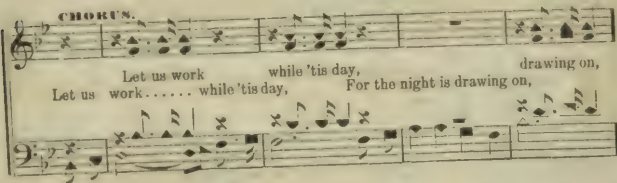
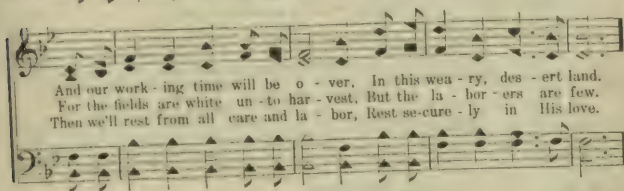
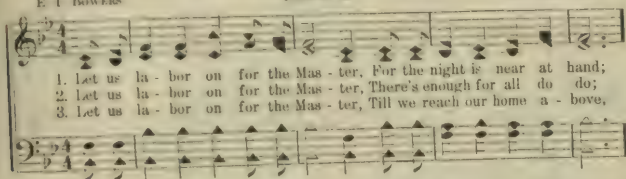
## LET US WORK.

"I must work . . . while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work."

E. I. BOWERS

JOHN 9: 4.

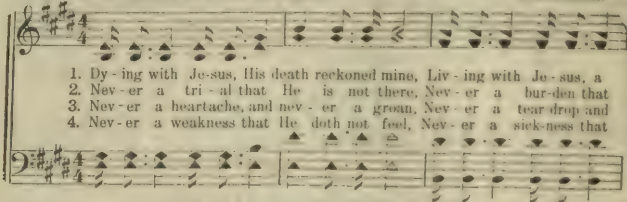
D. E. DORTCH



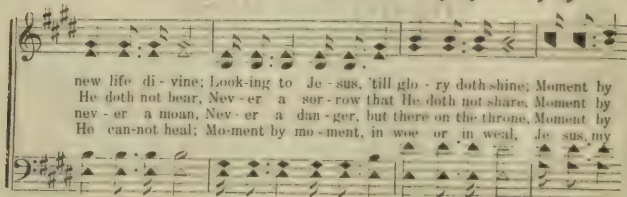
"Abide in me, and I in you."—JOHN 15: 4.

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE, in *Baptist and Reflector*.

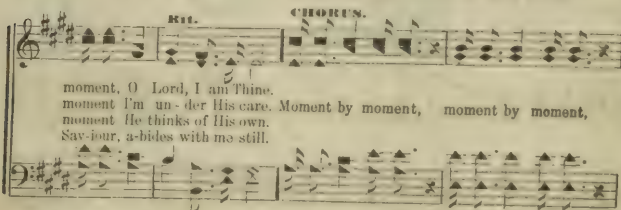
D. E. DORTCH.



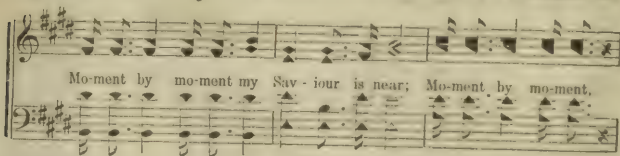
1. Dy-ing with Je-sus, His death reckoned mine, Liv-ing with Je-sus, a  
 2. Nev-er a tri-al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that  
 3. Nev-er a heartache, and nev-er a groan, Nev-er a tear drop and  
 4. Nev-er a weakness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that



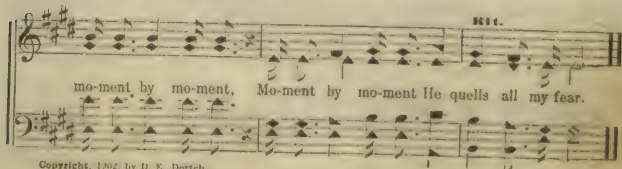
new life di-vine; Look-ing to Je-sus, 'till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by  
 He doth not bear, Nev-er a sor-row that He doth not share, Moment by  
 nev-er a moan, Nev-er a dan-ger, but there on the throne, Moment by  
 He can-not heal; Mo-ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je-sus, my



**Solo.**  
 moment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 moment I'm un-der His care. Moment by moment, moment by moment,  
 moment He thinks of His own.  
 Sav-iour, a-bides with me still.



Mo-ment by mo-ment my Sav-iour is near; Mo-ment by mo-ment,



**Solo.**  
 mo-ment by mo-ment, Mo-ment by mo-ment He quells all my fear.

# 396 GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few"—MATT. 9: 37.

W. G. COOPER

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. Go work with your might, Lo, the harvest is white, Go gather the grain, the golden grain;  
 2. With joy-al-ty grand To the Mas-ter's command, Go gather the grain, the golden grain;  
 3. To gar-ner make haste, There is no time to waste, Go gather the grain, the golden grain;  
 4. When daylight has flown Sad will then be the moan, Go gather the grain, the golden grain;

*Fine.*  
 D. S. There is plen-ty to do But the lab'ers are few, Go gath-er the gold-en grain.  
 What-so - ev - er is right, He will give you at night, Go gath-er the gold-en grain.  
 Then at life's setting sun hear the Mas-ter's "well done," Go gath-er the gold-en grain.  
 Of the id-ler who grieves, O-ver no garnered sheaves, Go gath-er the gold-en grain.

**CHORUS.** *Fin.* **D. S.**  
 Go gather the grain, go gather the grain, Go gather the gold - en grain.  
 golden grain.

Copyright, 1902, by D. E. Dorch.

# 397 GO GATHER THE WANDERERS IN.

TUNE: *Go Gather the Golden Grain.* No. 396.

- 1 Go gather them in  
 From the by-ways of sin,  
 Go gather them in, the wand'ers in;  
 There are dangers to brave,  
 If the lost ones you save,  
 Go gather the wanderers in.

## CHORUS.

Go gather them in, go gather them in,  
 Go gather the wanderers in;  
 Go the lost ones to win,  
 From the by-ways of sin,  
 Go gather the wanderers in.

- 2 Go forth with a will,  
 And your mission fulfill,  
 Go gather them in, the wand'ers in;

For the poor must be fed,  
 And the weary be led,  
 Go gather the wanderers in.

- 3 Go over the sea,  
 Cross the mountain and lea,  
 Go gather them in, the wand'ers in;  
 With His banner unfurled,  
 Preach the Christ to the world,  
 To gather the wanderers in.

- 4 List! the angelic choirs,  
 Harps and voices and lyres,  
 Go gather them in, the wand'ers in;  
 'Tis an anthem of praise,  
 When the fallen you raise,  
 Go gather the wanderers in.

W. G. COOPER.

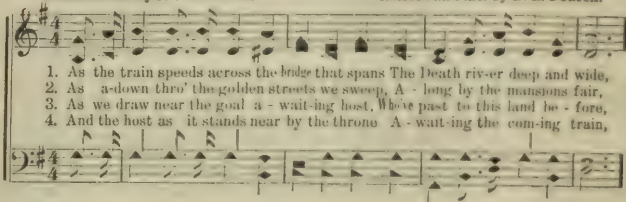
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6.—G. V. No. 3.

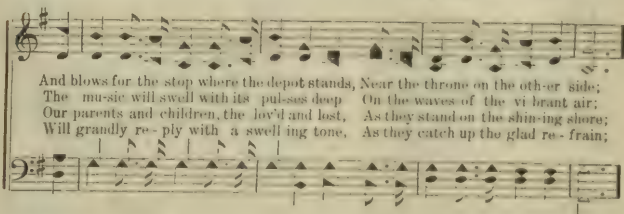
When the Southern Baptist Convention met at Waco, Texas, in 1883, many people came from the older states to attend the convention, and to meet their friends who were lying in Texas. As the train, loaded with messengers and visitors, swept over the Brazos bridge into the city, and sped through the streets to the depot they sang OLD CORONATION, finishing the first half of the last stanza as the train halted at the station, and the crowd of waiting friends about the depot caught up the last half of the verse with them with thrilling effect. This story was related to the author of this song by Elder J. M. Black, of Graham, Tex.—J. C. M.

Words and air by J. C. MIDYETT.

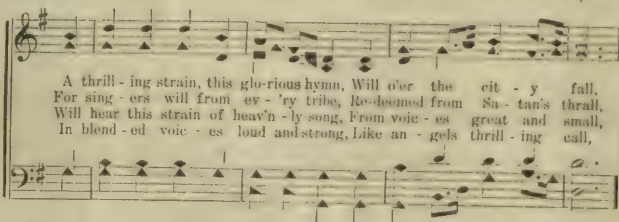
Altered and arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



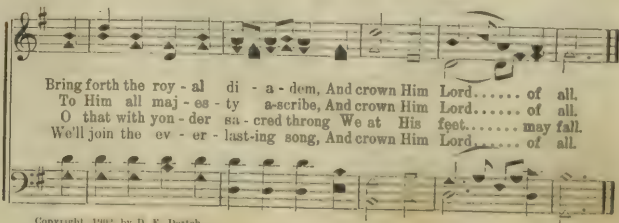
1. As the train speeds across the bridge that spans The Death riv-er deep and wide,  
2. As a-down thro' the golden streets we sweep, A - long by the mansions fair,  
3. As we draw near the goal a - wait-ing host, Who've past to this land be - fore,  
4. And the host as it stands near by the throne A - wait-ing the com-ing train,



And blows for the stop where the depot stands, Near the throne on the oth-er side;  
The music will swell with its pul-ses deep On the waves of the vi-brant air;  
Our parents and children, the joy'd and lost, As they stand on the shin-ing shore;  
Will grandly re-ply with a swell-ing tone, As they catch up the glad re-frain;



A thrill-ing strain, this glo-rious hymn, Will o'er the cit - y fall,  
For sing-ers will from ev-'ry tribe, Re-deemed from Sa-tan's thrall,  
Will hear this strain of heav'n-ly song, From voice-es great and small,  
In blend-ed voice-es loud and strong, Like an-gels thrill-ing call,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.  
To Him all maj-es-ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.  
O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet..... may fall.  
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.



# 405 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AVAILS.

W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. { The Sav-iour died on Cal - va - ry, And shed His precious blood for me; }  
 { That I might pure and ho - ly be, (Cant.) ..... }

CHORUS.

His precious blood avails for me. { O the blessed Lamb of God died on Cal - va - ry,  
 O for-ev-er may my hope and re-joic-ing be,

1 He died for me, He died for me; The precious blood a-vails for me.  
 2

- 2 Though far in sin I've gone astray,  
 His precious blood avails for me;  
 He will not turn from me away,  
 I know His blood avails for me.
- 3 'Twas grace that first devised the plan,  
 To save a sinful soul like me;  
 I heard His voice, to Him I ran,  
 'Twas then the blood availed for me.

- 4 Since I have found the Saviour kind,  
 Lo, ever would I happy be;  
 And in His service always find,  
 The precious blood avails for me.
- 5 And when from earth at last I rise,  
 And all His glory I shall see,  
 The theme, the song beyond the skies,  
 Will be "the blood availed for me."

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# 406 A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

(Sing to No. 405.)

- 1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 Secure whatever may betide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A weary land, a weary land;  
 O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

- 2 A shade by day, defence by night,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;

No fears alarm, no foes affright,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

- 3 The raging storm may round us beat,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 We'll never leave this safe retreat,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

- 4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 Be Thou our helper ever near,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

A. S. KIEFFER

R. R. EMERSON.

1. There are man-sions of love In the land far a-bove, Which the  
 2. There's a fount-ain whose stream Sparkles bright in the gleam, Of a  
 3. Of that fount-ain of love, In that land far a-bove, May we

Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare; And the chil-dren who pray, As they  
 day that shall not end in night; And its wa-ters make glad All the  
 drink when life's jour-ney is o'er, And with an-gels of light Share the

walk thro' life's way, In those man-sions shall each have a share.  
 wea-ry and sad, Who have gone to that land of do-light.  
 splen-dors so bright, In those man-sions of love ev-er-more.

## CHORUS.

They shall dwell..... for ev-er-more, In that  
 They shall dwell for ev-er-more,

land..... so fair and bright; O-ver on..... that  
 In that land so fair and bright, O-ver on

## THE MANSIONS OF LOVE.

hap - py shore, In the cit - y of love and de-light.  
that hap-py shore, pure delight.

408

## HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

Anon. "There is a land of pure delight," may be sung to this tune. DAVID.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And  
2. No night shall dim that glorious home, For Je - sus is the light, And  
3. With palms of vic - try in their hands They with the ransomed sing; All

CHORUS.

those who bear the cross be - low Shall wear a crown a - bove. Home,  
mourn ing pil grims here be - low Shall there be clad in white.  
praise to Him who washed us white, Our Sav - iour and our King. sweet home,

beau - ti - ful home, Home, beau - ti - ful home; O I  
sweet home, yes, sweet home, sweet home,

long to be there, its glories all to share, In that home, beautiful home of love.  
that

# 409 THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

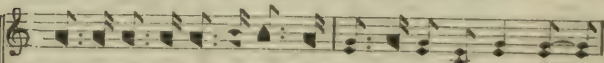
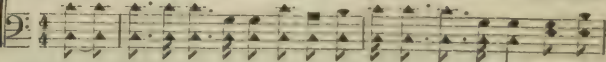
(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PIFSON.

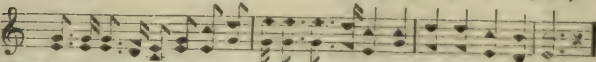
Old Campmeeting Air.



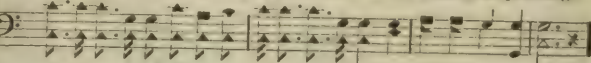
1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a- gainst the wrong, To the
2. Je - ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift - ed high, For from
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their
4. Hear the children cry for pit - y from the cru - el heart of greed; See them
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the



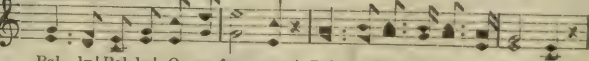
bat-tle of the bal - lots come with shout-ing and with song; And  
out the dust of a - ges He has heard the mar-tyrs cry; The  
pa-tient hands uplift - ed 'gainst the woe they can-not stay, We have  
trampled in - to si-lence by the mon-ster while they plead! Be  
bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'n'ing fast, For



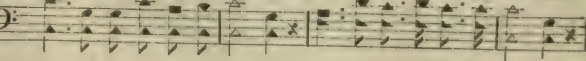
this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go,"  
cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go,"  
heard a voice entreating us to sweep the earth away—"The whiskey shops must go,"  
quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go,"  
God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."



## CHORUS.



Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men!



Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! The whis-key shops must go.





## 410 GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

(Tune opposite page.)

- 1 On the mountain top of vision, what a glory we behold!  
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;  
And a glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold:  
The truth is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
The truth is marching on.\*

- 2 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,  
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,  
We hear a glad rejoicing like a happy harvest home,  
Salvation's rolling on.

- 3 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,  
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long  
When we shall chain the heathen and overthrow the wrong,  
Our God is marching on.

- 4 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,  
On the blissful heights of glory we will shout the battle o'er,  
And within the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,  
Forever marching on.

—Rev. Dwight Williams. All.

## 411 CHRISTIAN BATTLE HYMN.

(Tune opposite page.)

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the tokens of another Pentecost,  
My ears have heard the gathering of a dedicated host,  
My soul has felt the presence of the promised Holy Ghost,  
Our God is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Our God is marching on.\*

- 2 There's a fire of consecration that is kindling in our youth,  
They are vowing hearty service to the Master and his truth,  
Their faith is pure and ardent and their works a gospel proof,  
Our youth are marching on.

- 3 There's a fervor of revival burning bright in many hearts,  
There's a glow of generous loyalty their noble purpose starts,  
'Tis the spirit of the Saviour and the zeal that he imparts,  
The truth is marching on.

- 4 They unfurl the gospel banner, and behold the thousands rise;  
They are looking up in prayer to Him enthroned beyond the skies;  
They are lifting up their brother, from the ruin where he lies,  
Our cause is marching on.

—Rev. Levi Gilbert, D.D.

## 412 THE RIGHT SHALL WIN THE DAY.

(Tune opposite page.)

- 1 Through the mists of night is shining, fair and clear, a glorious star;  
And the splendor of its brightness, like a beacon seen afar,  
Flashes out the cheering message o'er the fields where workers are,  
That victory is at hand.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
The right shall win the day.

- 2 'Tis the star that heralds morning after long and gloomy night,  
'Tis the star of prohibition, and its pure and steady light  
Guides the temperance army on to the battlefield in sight,  
Where victory will be won.

- 3 O, be brave of heart, my brothers, in the battle lift your eye  
To the star whose ray of promise flashes grandly forth on high;  
And our hearts shall gain such courage that the enemy will fly,  
And victory will be ours.

- 4 Think of home and loved ones, comrades, when you face the desperate foe,  
For your boy and mine, my brothers, strike a long and telling blow;  
Shall we, can we, yield the battle? by our homes and dear ones, no!  
The victory must be ours.

—Eben E. Rexford.

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## 413 THE WORK IS GOING ON.

- 1 Although 'tis many, many years since temperance work begun,  
We'll never rest, contented till the glorious work is done;  
We'll labor on from dawn of day until the set of sun,  
The work is going on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
The work is going on.

- 2 We'll battle for the rights of home and all its sacred joys,  
We'll undermine the gay saloon that tempts our darling boys;  
'Twill yield, if, may be, brick by brick; my friend, don't mind the noise.  
The work is going on.

- 3 The time will come—not in our day perhaps, but farther on—  
That temperance laws will rule the land that freemen dwell upon;  
God speed the day, the glorious day, when victory shall be won!  
The work is going on.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

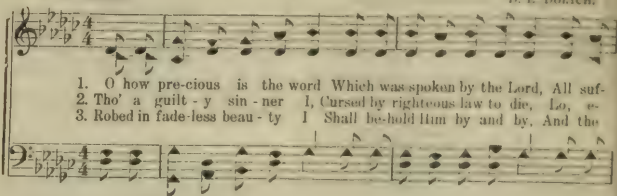
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# 414 YE SHALL BE FREE INDEED.

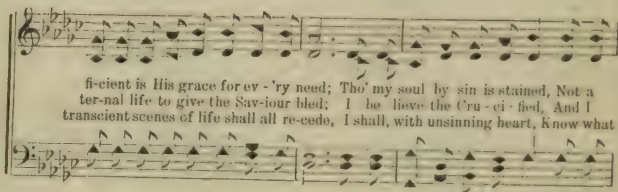
"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." JOHN 8: 36.

W. G. COOPER.

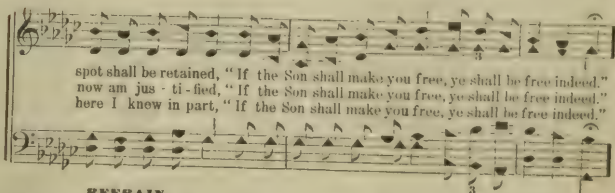
D. E. DORTCH.



1. O how pre-cious is the word Which was spoken by the Lord, All suf-  
 2. Tho' a guilt-y sin-ner I, Curs'd by righteous law to die, Lo, e-  
 3. Robed in fade-less beau-ty I Shall be-hold Him by and by, And the

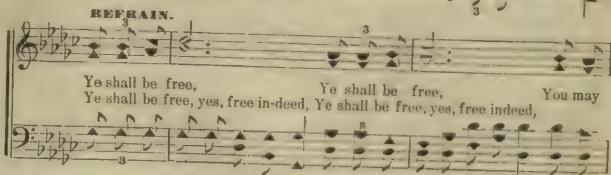


fi-cient is His grace for ev-'ry need; Tho' my soul by sin is stained, Not a  
 ter-nal life to give the Sav-iour bled; I be-lieve the Cru-ci-fied, And I  
 tran-sient scenes of life shall all re-cede, I shall, with un-sin-ning heart, Know what

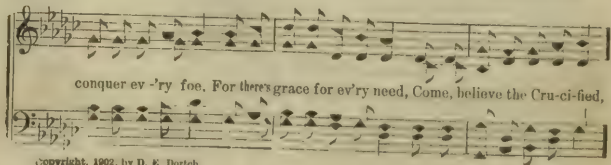


spot shall be retained, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed,"  
 now am jus-ti-fied, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."  
 here I knew in part, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

**REFRAIN.**

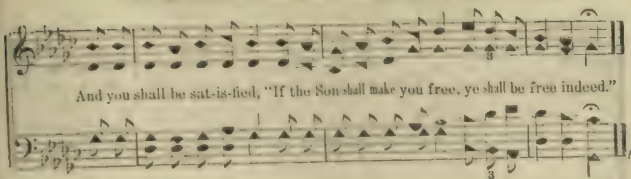


Ye shall be free, Ye shall be free, You may  
 Ye shall be free, yes, free in-deed, Ye shall be free, yes, free indeed,



conquer ev-'ry foe. For there's grace for ev'ry need, Come, be-lieve the Cru-ci-fied,

# YE SHALL BE FREE INDEED.

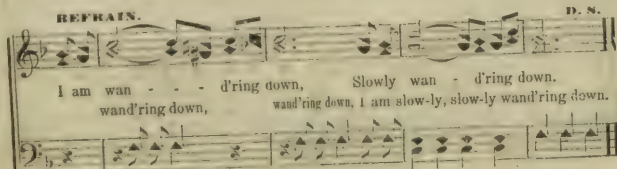
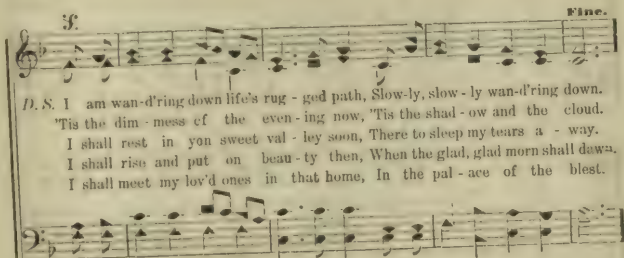
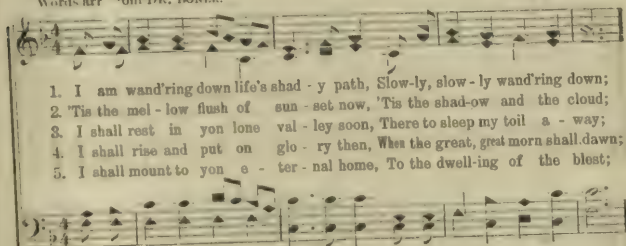


415

## WANDERING DOWN.

Words arr. from DR. BONER.

D. E. DORTCH.



I. B.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and  
 2. I want to be a worker ev'-ry day, I want to lead the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in  
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day  
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,  
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a happy home  
 err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die

## Chorus.

In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will  
 In the king-dom of the Lord.  
 In the king-dom of the Lord.  
 In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will  
 work and pray of the Lord;

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'-ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

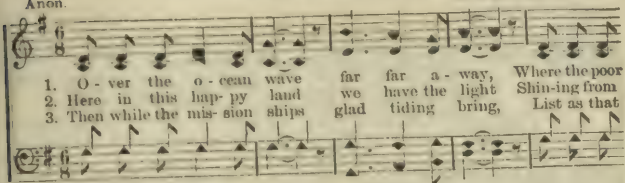


## The Macedonian Cry.

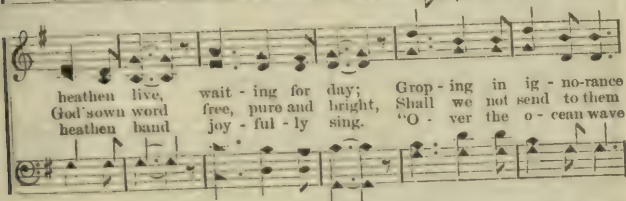
Dedicated to Rev. H. A. TUPPER, D.D.

Rev. W. E. PENN.  
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

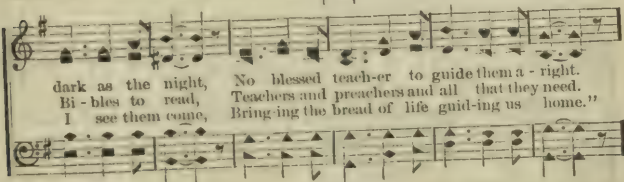
Anon.



1. O - ver the o - cean wave far far a - way, Where the poor  
 2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from  
 3. Then while the mis - sion ships glad tidings bring, List as that

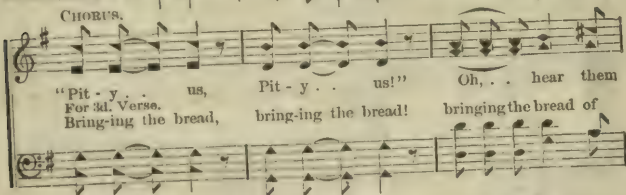


heathen live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no - rance  
 God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them  
 heathen hand joy - ful - ly sing. "O - ver the o - cean wave

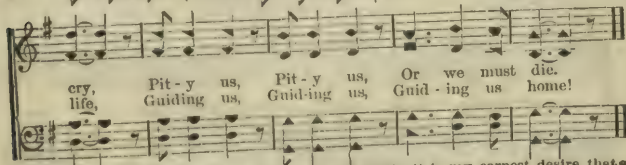


dark as the night, No blessed teach - er to guide them a - right.  
 Bi - bles to read, Teachers and preachers and all that they need.  
 I see them come, Bring - ing the bread of life guid - ing us home."

CHORUS.

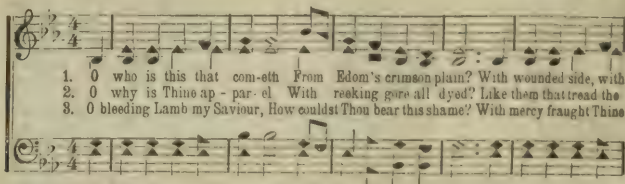


"Pit - y . . us, Pit - y . . us!" Oh . . . hear them  
 For 3d. Verse.  
 Bring - ing the bread, bring - ing the bread! bring - ing the bread of

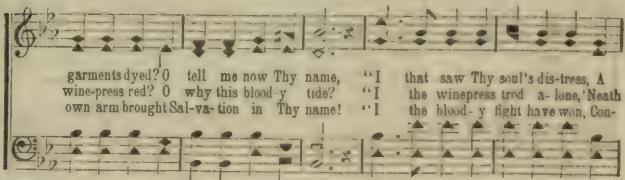


cry, Pit - y us, Pit - y us, Or we must die.  
 life, Guiding us, Guid - ing us, Guid - ing us home!

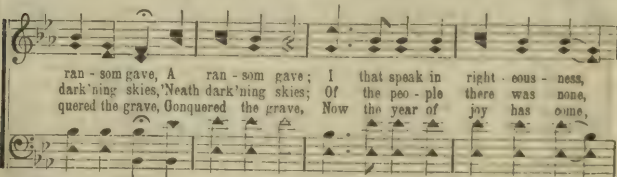
• Wherever this song is sung, in private, or in public, it is my earnest desire that a collection shall be taken for Foreign Missions. W. E. PENN.



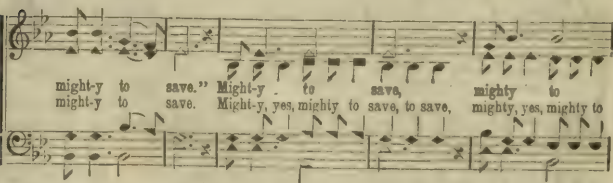
1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain? With wounded side, with  
 2. O why is Thine ap - par - el With reeking gore all dyed? Like them that tread the  
 3. O bleeding Lamb my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught Thine



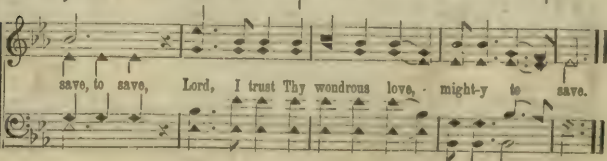
garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name, "I that saw Thy soul's dis-tress, A  
 wine-press red? O why this blood-y tide? "I the winepress trod a-lone, 'Neath  
 own arm brought Sal-va-tion in Thy name! "I the blood-y fight have won, Con-



ran - som gave, A ran - som gave; I that speak in right - eous - ness,  
 dark'ning skies, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none,  
 quered the grave, Conquered the grave, Now the year of joy has come,



might-y to save." Might-y to save, might-y to  
 might-y to save. Might-y, yes, might-y to save, to save, might-y, yes, might-y to



save, to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, might-y to save.

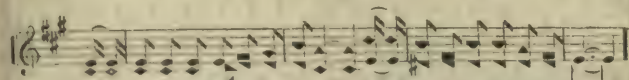
## Is Your Lamp Burning?

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

## Duett.



1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see:
2. Up on the dark mountains they stumble, They fall and are ready to die
3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,



For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.  
They're pleading with pitiful voices, For light and sal-va-tion they cry.  
Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine!

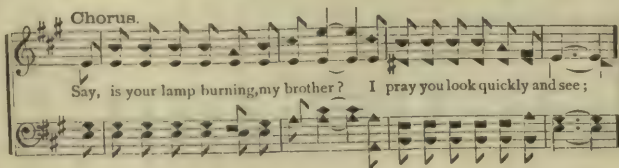


There are ma-ny and ma-ny around you, Who follow wherev-er you go,—  
There is ma-ny a lamp that is lighted— We behold them a-near and a-far—  
How all the dark places would brighten, How the mist would roll up and away,

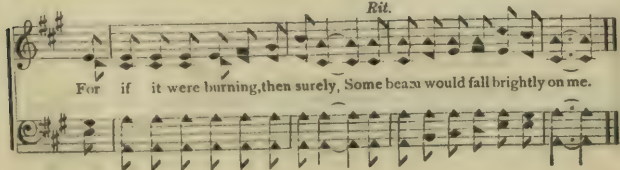
*Rit.*

If you tho't that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.  
But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shines steady-ly on like a star.  
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len-ni-um day.

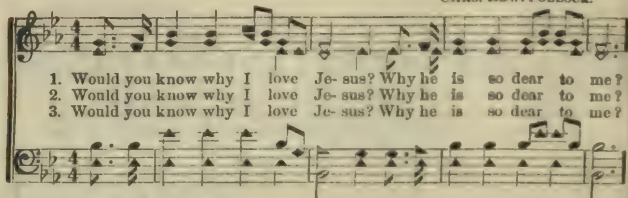
## Chorus.



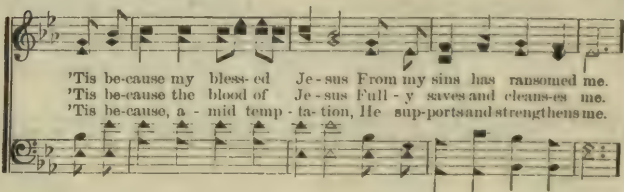
Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;

*Rit.*

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.

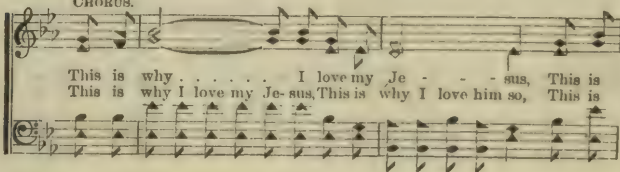


1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why he is so dear to me?  
 2. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why he is so dear to me?  
 3. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why he is so dear to me?

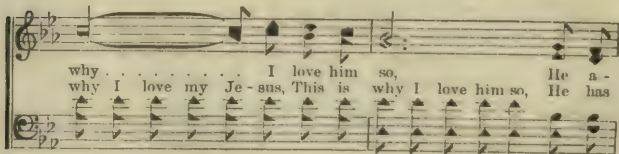


'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je-sus From my sins has ransomed me.  
 'Tis be-cause the blood of Je-sus Full-y saves and cleans-es me.  
 'Tis be-cause, a-mid temp-tation, He sup-ports and strengthens me.

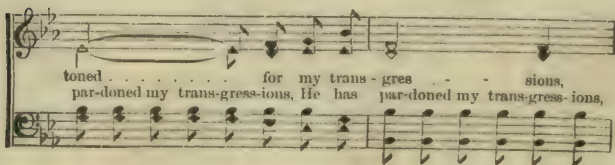
## CHORUS.



This is why . . . . . I love my Je - - - sus, This is  
 This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, This is



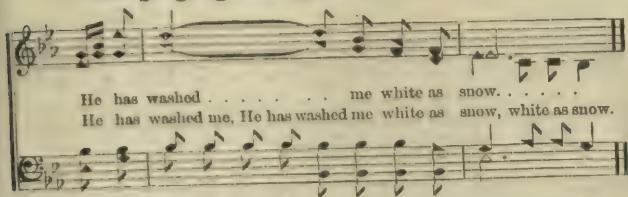
why . . . . . I love him so, He a -  
 why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, He has



toned . . . . . for my trans-gres - - - sions,  
 par-doned my trans-gress-ions, He has par-doned my trans-gress-ions,



# Why I Love Jesus.—Concluded.



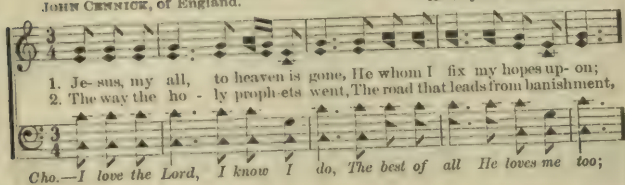
- |                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4 Would you know why I love Jesus?<br/>             Why He is so dear to me?<br/>             'Tis because in every conflict<br/>             Jesus gives me victory.</p> | <p>5 Would you know why I love Jesus?<br/>             Why He is so dear to me?<br/>             'Tis because my friend and Savior<br/>             He will ever, ever be.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

421

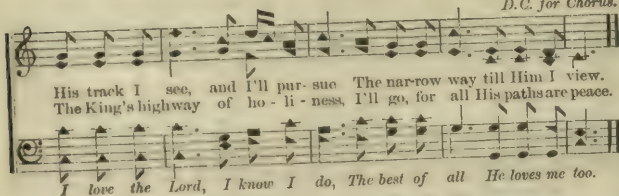
# I Love the Lord.

JOHN CENNICK, of England.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



*D.C. for Chorus.*

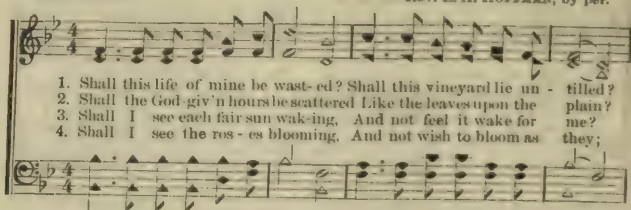


- |                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 This is the way I long have sought,<br/>             And mourned because I found it not;<br/>             My grief and burden long have been,<br/>             Because I was not freed from sin.</p>   | <p>5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,<br/>             Shalt take me to Thee as I am;<br/>             Nothing but sin have I to give,<br/>             Nothing but love shall I receive.</p>  |
| <p>4 The more I strove against its power,<br/>             I felt its guilt and weight the more;<br/>             Till late I heard my Saviour say,<br/>             "Come hither, soul, I am the way."</p> | <p>6 Then will I tell to sinners round<br/>             What a dear Saviour I have found;<br/>             I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,<br/>             And say, "Behold the way to God."</p> |

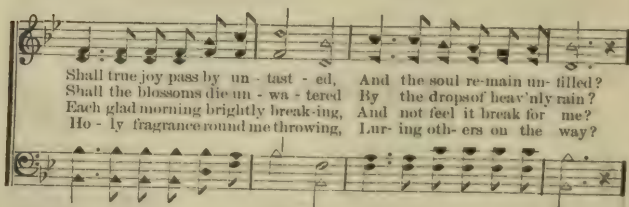
# 422 Shall this Life of Mine be Wasted?

Dr. H. BONAR.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

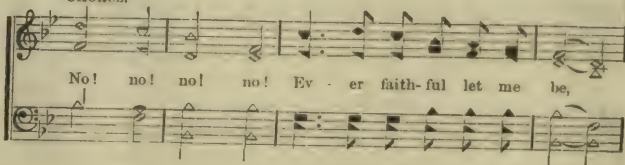


1. Shall this life of mine be wast-ed? Shall this vineyard lie un - tilled?  
 2. Shall the God-giv'n hours be scattered Like the leaves upon the plain?  
 3. Shall I see each fair sun wak-ing, And not feel it wake for me?  
 4. Shall I see the ros-es blooming, And not wish to bloom as they;

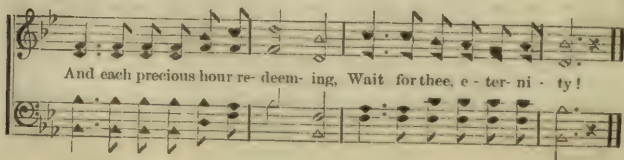


Shall true joy pass by un - tast - ed, And the soul re-main un - filled?  
 Shall the blossoms die un - wa - tered By the drops of heav'nly rain?  
 Each glad morning brightly break-ing, And not feel it break for me?  
 Ho - ly fragrance round me throw-ing, Lur-ing oth-ers on the way?

## CHORUS.



No! no! no! no! Ev - er faith-ful let me be,



And each precious hour re-deem-ing, Wait for thee, e - ter - ni - ty!

5 No, I was not born to trifle  
 Life away in dreams of sin;  
 No, I must not, dare not stifle  
 Longings such as these within!

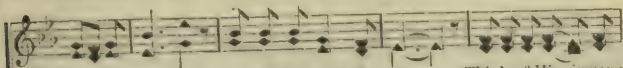
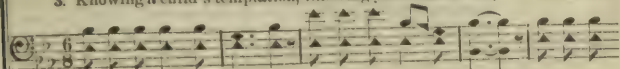
6 Swiftly moving upward, onward,  
 Let my soul in faith be borne;  
 Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,  
 Let my eyes unshrinking turn!

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

C. E. POLLOCK.

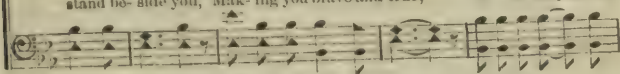


1. This is the sweetest sto - ry. Wonderful, strange and true, Jesus, the
2. Think you not "He's forgotten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear
3. Knowing a child's temptation, Showing you what to do, Jesus will



King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you.  
 Lord re - mem - bers, Oh! and He loves you so;  
 stand be - side you, Mak - ing you brave and true;

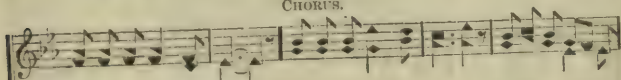
Think of Him in your  
 Loves you for aye and  
 Ev - er keep closely



glad - ness, Praising Him all the day, Ev - er in words and act - ions,  
 ev - er, It was to you He came, Deep in His heart is gra - ven,  
 to Him, If you would like Him grow, Out of your heart's deep gladness

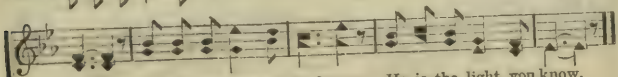


## CHORUS.

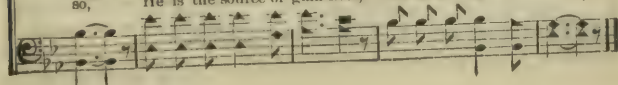


Think what the Lord would say.

Ev - er - y child - ish name. Always be bright and joyous, Jesus would have you  
 Sweetness of life will flow.

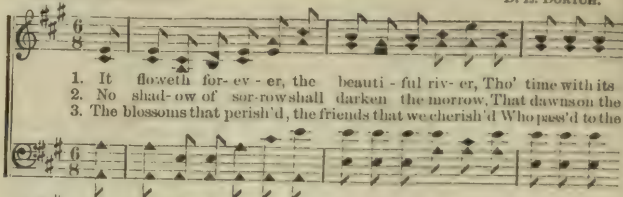


so, He is the source of glad - ness, He is the light, you know.

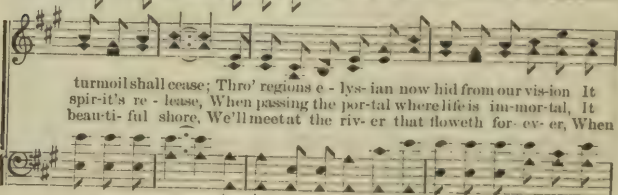


Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCH.

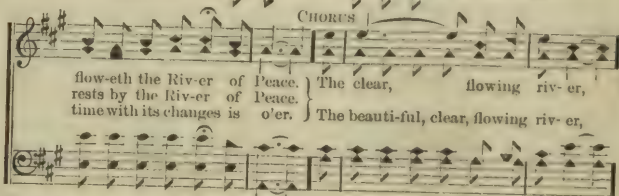
D. E. DORTCH.



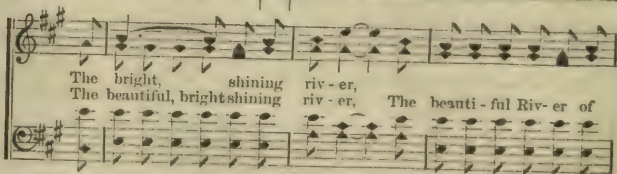
1. It floweth for-ev-er, the beauti-ful riv-er, Tho' time with its  
 2. No shad-ow of sor-row shall darken the morrow, That dawn on the  
 3. The blossoms that perish'd, the friends that we cherish'd Who pass'd to the



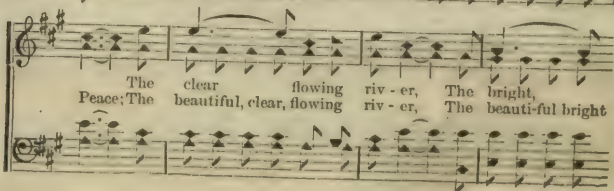
turmoil shall cease; Thro' regions e-lys-ian now hid from our vision It  
 spir-it's re-lease, When passing the por-tal where life is im-mor-tal, It  
 beau-ti-ful shore, We'll meet at the riv-er that floweth for-ev-er, When



CHORUS  
 flow-eth the Riv-er of Peace. } The clear, flowing riv-er,  
 rests by the Riv-er of Peace. } The beauti-ful, clear, flowing riv-er,  
 time with its changes is o'er.



The bright, shining riv-er,  
 The beautiful, bright shining riv-er, The beauti-ful Riv-er of



The clear flowing riv-er, The bright,  
 Peace; The beautiful, clear, flowing riv-er, The beauti-ful bright



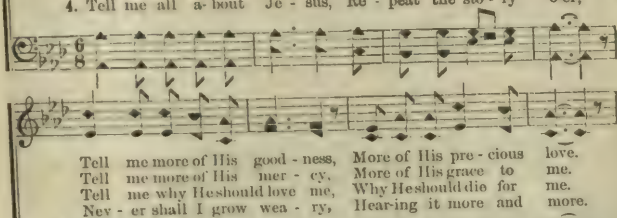
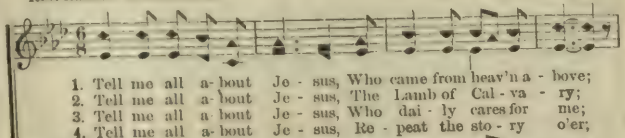
# The River of Peace. Concluded.



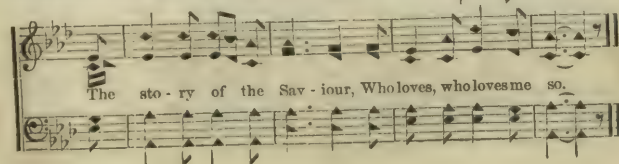
## 425 Tell Me all about Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



CHORUS.



Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. It floweth for-ev-er, the beauti-ful riv-er, Tho' time with its  
 2. No shad-ow of sor-row shall darken the morrow, That dawn on the  
 3. The blossoms that perish'd, the friends that we cherish'd Who pass'd to the

turmoil shall cease; Thro' regions e-lys-ian now hid from our vis-ion It  
 spir-it's re-lease, When passing the por-tal where life is im-mor-tal, It  
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CHORUS  
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The bright, shining riv-er,  
 The beautiful, bright shining riv-er, The beauti-ful Riv-er of

The clear flowing riv-er, The bright,  
 Peace; The beautiful, clear, flowing riv-er, The beauti-ful bright

# The River of Peace. Concluded.

shin-ing riv-er. The beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Peace.

## 425 Tell Me all about Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;  
 2. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 3. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;  
 4. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;

Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre - cious love.  
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.  
 Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.  
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear - ing it more and more.

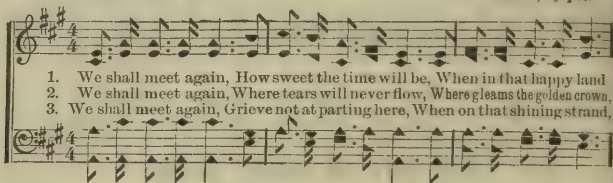
CHORUS.

Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Tell me that I may know,

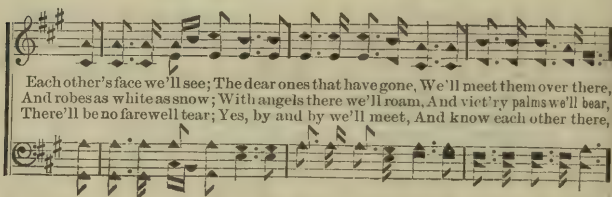
The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

R. A. GLENN.

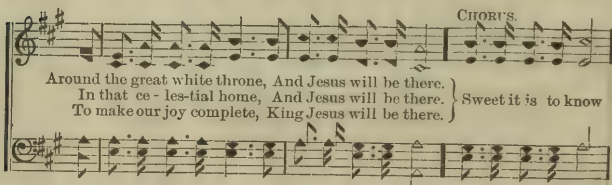
R. A. GLENN, by per.



1. We shall meet again, How sweet the time will be, When in that happy land
2. We shall meet again, Where tears will never flow, Where gleams the golden crown,
3. We shall meet again, Grieve not at parting here, When on that shining strand,

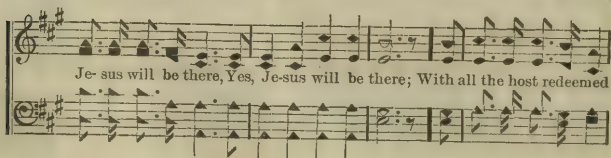


Each other's face we'll see; The dear ones that have gone, We'll meet them over there,  
And robes as white as snow; With angels there we'll roam, And vict'ry palms we'll bear,  
There'll be no farewell tear; Yes, by and by we'll meet, And know each other there,

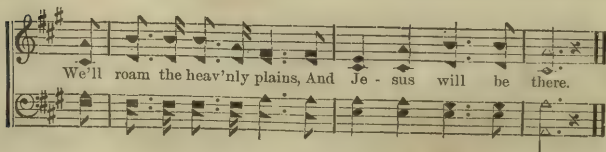


CHORUS.

Around the great white throne, And Jesus will be there.  
In that ce - les - tial home, And Jesus will be there. } Sweet it is to know  
To make our joy complete, King Jesus will be there. }



Je - sus will be there, Yes, Je - sus will be there; With all the host redeemed



We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Je - sus will be there.



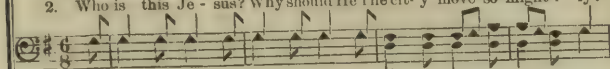
"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL.

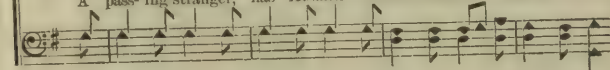
E. HANKS.



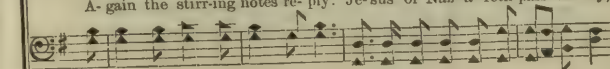
1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along,  
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so might-i-ly?



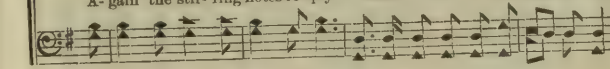
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
A pass-ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul-ti-tude at will?



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by,"  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by,"



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."



3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: [lame.  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace,  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place  
His holy footprints we can trace,  
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay.  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

## WHEN JESUS COMES.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MAL. 3: 17. See also MATT. 25: 31-33.

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. When Je-sus comes to make up His jew-els, When Je-sus comes  
2. When Je-sus comes with the ho-ly an-gels, When Je-sus comes  
3. When Je-sus sits on His throne in judgment, When Je-sus sits  
4. When Je-sus leaves with His own for heav-en, When Je-sus leaves

to make up His jew-els, When Je-sus comes to make  
with the ho-ly an-gels, When Je-sus comes with the  
on His throne in judg-ment, When Je-sus sits on His  
with His own for heav-en, When Je-sus leaves with His

D. S. When Je-sus comes in His

up His jew-els, Shall He count you one of them?  
ho-ly an-gels, Shall He see you robed in white? When He comes,  
throne in judgment, Shall He place you on His right?  
own for heaven, Shall He take you with them there?

ra-diant glo-ry, Shall He find you read-y then?

when Je-sus comes, When He comes in His ra-diant glo-ry.

Copyright, 1902, by D. E. Dortch.

## 429

## SHOULD JESUS COME.

1 || Should Jesus come in the early morning: ||  
Should Jesus come in the early morning,  
Would He find us watching then?

## CHORUS.

Should He come, should Jesus come,  
Should He come when we least expect Him,  
Should Jesus come when we least expect Him,  
Would He find us ready then?

2 || Should Jesus call at the noon-day splendor: ||  
Should Jesus call at the noon-day splendor,  
Would He find us dressed to go?

3 || Should He appear when the sun is setting: ||  
Should He appear when the sun is setting,  
Would He find us waiting then?

4 || Should Jesus come at the hour of midnight: ||  
Should Jesus come at the hour of midnight,  
Would He find us sleeping then?

GEORGE KEITH.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—  
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

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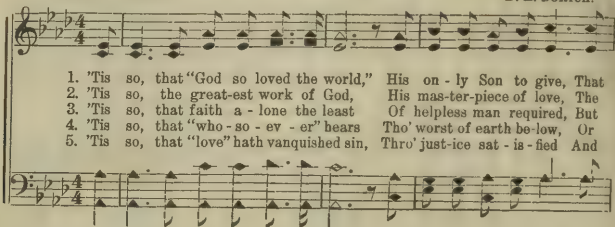
## Adeste Fidelis.

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have  
fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

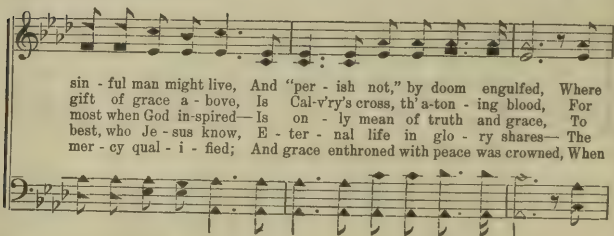
GEORGE A. LOFTON.

"God SO loved the world."—JOHN 3: 14.

D. E. DORTCH.

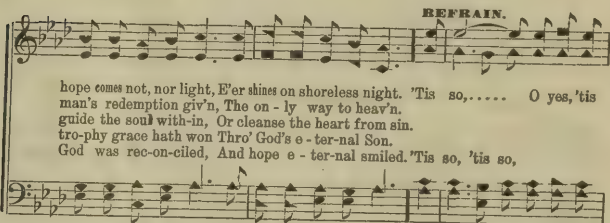


1. 'Tis so, that "God so loved the world," His on - ly Son to give, That  
 2. 'Tis so, the great-est work of God, His mas-ter-piece of love, The  
 3. 'Tis so, that faith a - lone the least Of helpless man required, But  
 4. 'Tis so, that "who - so - ev - er" bears Tho' worst of earth be-low, Or  
 5. 'Tis so, that "love" hath vanquished sin, Thro' just-ice sat - is - fied And

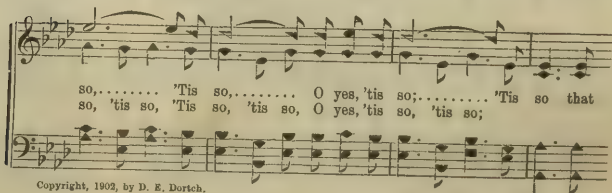


sin - ful man might live, And "per - ish not," by doom engulfed, Where  
 gift of grace a - bove, Is Cal-v'ry's cross, th'a-ton - ing blood, For  
 most when God in-spired—Is on - ly mean of truth and grace, To  
 best, who Je - sus know, E - ter - nal life in glo - ry shares— The  
 mer - cy qual - i - fied; And grace enthroned with peace was crowned, When

**REFRAIN.**



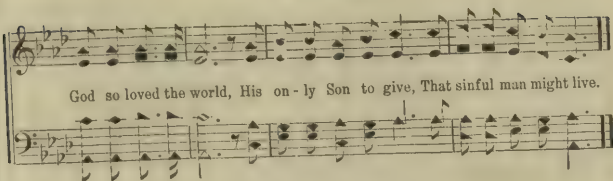
hope comes not, nor light, E'er shines on shoreless night. 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis  
 man's redemption giv'n, The on - ly way to heav'n.  
 guide the soul with-in, Or cleanse the heart from sin.  
 tro-phy grace hath won Thro' God's e - ter-nal Son.  
 God was rec-on-ciled, And hope e - ter-nal smiled. 'Tis so, 'tis so,



so,..... 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis so;..... 'Tis so that  
 so, 'tis so, 'Tis so, 'tis so, O yes, 'tis so, 'tis so;



# 'TIS SO.

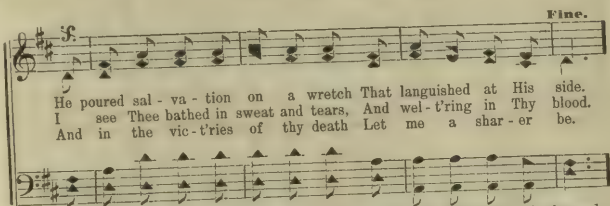
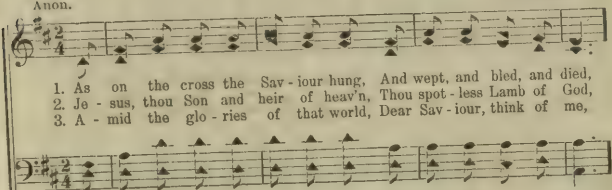


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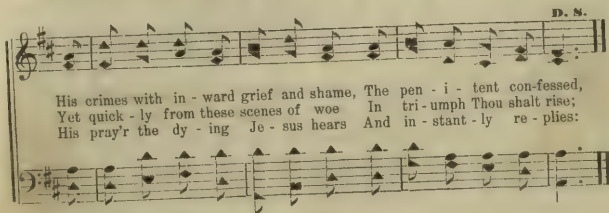
## THE CONVERTED THIEF.

R. R. EMERSON.

Anon.

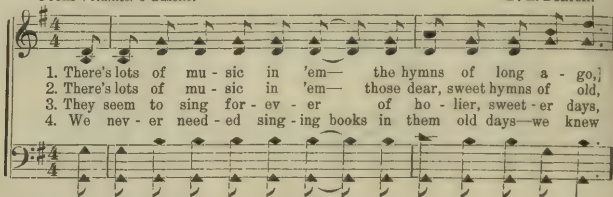


D. S. Then turned his dy - ing eyes to Christ And thus His pray'r ad - dressed.  
Burst thro' the gloom - y shades of death And shine a - bove the skies.  
To - day thy part - ing soul shall be With me in par - a - dise.

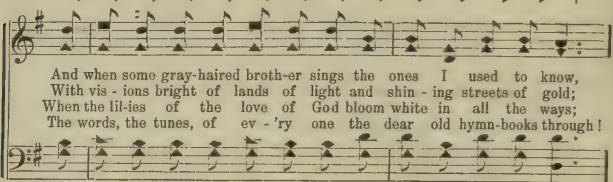


From *Volunteer's Gazette*.

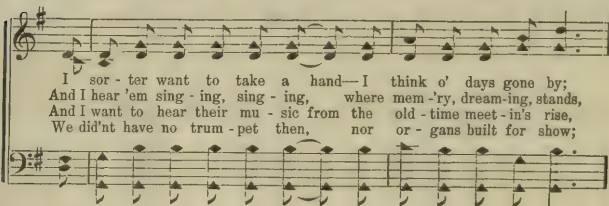
D. E. DORTCH.



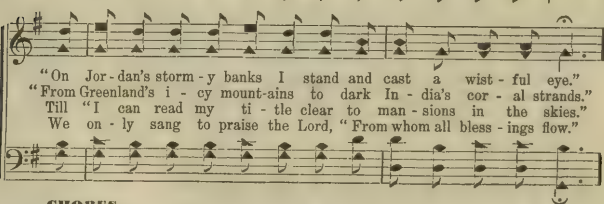
1. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— the hymns of long a - go,  
 2. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— those dear, sweet hymns of old,  
 3. They seem to sing for - ev - er of ho - lier, sweet - er days,  
 4. We nev - er need - ed sing - ing books in them old days—we knew



And when some gray-haired broth-er sings the ones I used to know,  
 With vis - ions bright of lands of light and shin - ing streets of gold;  
 When the lil - ies of the love of God bloom white in all the ways;  
 The words, the tunes, of ev - 'ry one the dear old hymn-books through!

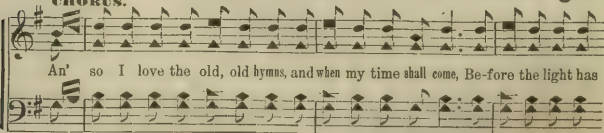


I sor - ter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by;  
 And I hear 'em sing - ing, sing - ing, where mem - ry, dream - ing, stands,  
 And I want to hear their mu - sic from the old - time meet - in's rise,  
 We didn't have no trum - pet then, nor or - gans built for show;



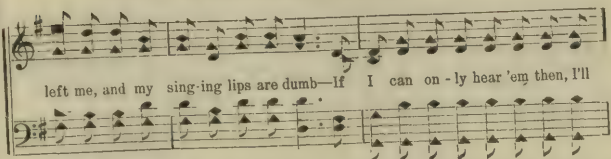
"On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand and cast a wist - ful eye."  
 "From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains to dark In - dia's cor - al strands,"  
 Till "I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies."  
 We on - ly sang to praise the Lord, "From whom all bless - ings flow."

## CHORUS.

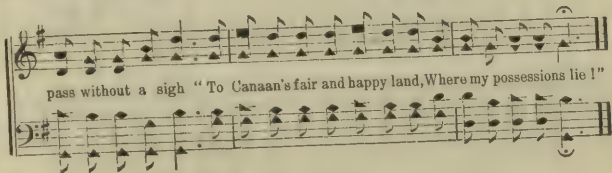


An' so I love the old, old hymns, and when my time shall come, Be - fore the light has

# THE OLD HYMNS.



left me, and my sing-ing lips are dumb—If I can on - ly hear 'em then, I'll

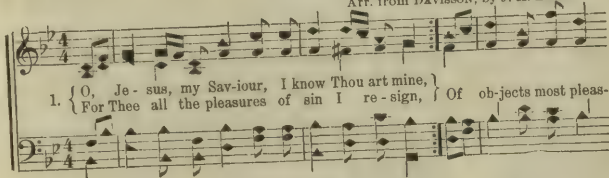


pass without a sigh "To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie!"

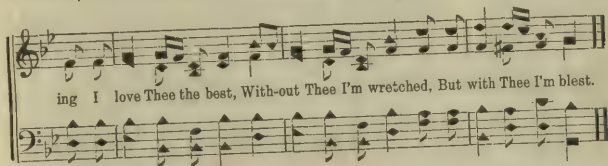
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## IMANDRA.

Arr. from DAVISSON, by J. H. LESLIE.



1. { O, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I know Thou art mine, }  
 { For Thee all the pleasures of sin I re - sign, } Of ob-jects most pleas-



ing I love Thee the best, With-out Thee I'm wretched, But with Thee I'm blest.

2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find,  
 And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,  
 Thy mercy relieved me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,  
 The language of mortals or angels would fail,  
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,  
 I'm raised to a rapture while praising His name.

4 I find Him in singing, I find Him in pray'r,  
 In sweet meditation He always is near;  
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,  
 All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my heart.

5 I love Thee, my Saviour, I love Thee, my Lord,  
 I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy word,  
 With tender emotion I love sinners, too,  
 Since Jesus hath died to redeem them from woe,

6 Thy Jesus is precious, I cannot forbear,  
 Tho' sinners despise me, His love to declare,  
 His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly  
 To praise Him in mansions prepared in the sky.

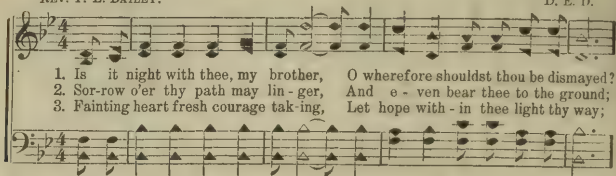
7 There millions of ages my soul would employ  
 In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,  
 Without interruption, when all the glad throng,  
 With pleasures increasing, unite in the song.

# 436 JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

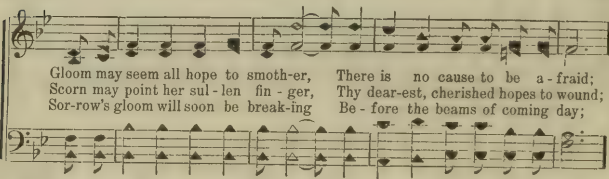
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

REV. T. L. BAILEY.

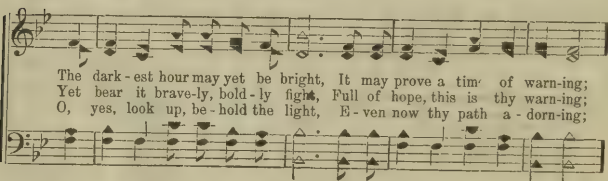
D. E. D.



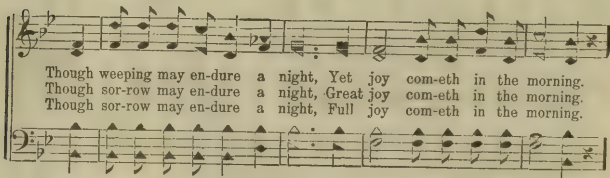
1. Is it night with thee, my brother, O wherefore shouldst thou be dismayed?  
 2. Sor-row o'er thy path may lin-ger, And e-ven bear thee to the ground;  
 3. Fainting heart fresh courage tak-ing, Let hope with-in thee light thy way;



Gloom may seem all hope to smoth-er, There is no cause to be a-fraid;  
 Scorn may point her sul-len fin-ger, Thy dear-est, cherished hopes to wound;  
 Sor-row's gloom will soon be break-ing Be-fore the beams of coming day;

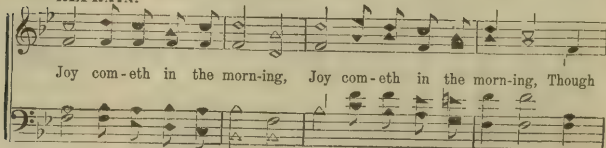


The dark-est hour may yet be bright, It may prove a time of warn-ing;  
 Yet bear it brave-ly, bold-ly fight, Full of hope, this is thy warn-ing;  
 O, yes, look up, be-hold the light, E-ven now thy path a-dorn-ing;



Though weeping may en-dure a night, Yet joy com-eth in the morning.  
 Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Great joy com-eth in the morning.  
 Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Full joy com-eth in the morning.

## REFRAIN.



Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Though



# JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

weeping may endure a night, Yet joy cometh in the morn-ing.  
weeping may endure for a night, for a night,

437

## GOD TOOK OUR BABY.

Lines written on the death of Walter Budington Heady.

D. E. D.

T. W., *In Ward and Way.*

1. God on - ly knows, no words can tell, How much we loved our ba - by;
2. God's pre-cious gift to us of love, Our sweet and pre-cious ba - by;
3. It's one the same, love nev - er dies, God's love and ours for ba - by;

But with our dar-ling all is well, God loved and took our ba - by.  
But now in bright-er realms a - bove, God loves and holds our ba - by.  
And may those wondrous, ten - der ties Bring us to God and ba - by.

### CHORUS.

God took our dar-ling there to dwell, In that fair love - ly cit - y;

And now with him all, all is well, God loves and keeps our ba - by.  
her

## Will Jesus Save Me?

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—LUKE 18: 16.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. B. SMITH.

1. I'm told that Je-sus loves me, is it true? And that He yearns to  
 2. And will He take my ma - ny sins a - way, And keep me dai - ly

have me love Him, too? Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me ten - der -  
 in the nar - row way? Oh, yes, yes, yes! From sin I shall be

D.S.—Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me ten - der -

FINE. CHORUS.

- ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me. } Will Je - sus save a  
 free, He died to save a lit - tle child like me. }

- ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.

lit - tle child like me? From all my sins will Je - sus set me free?

3 I've heard that He has mansions in the sky,  
 And will He take me thither when I die?  
 Oh, yes, yes, yes! A mansion mine shall be,  
 He died to save a little child like me.

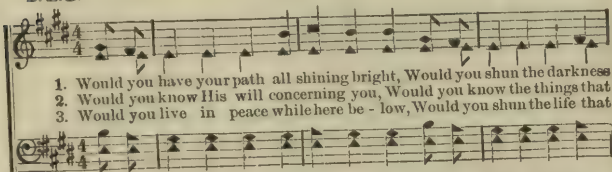
4 Will Jesus take me kindly by the hand,  
 And lead me to that brighter, better land?  
 Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glory I shall see,  
 He died to save a little child like me.

By Permission.

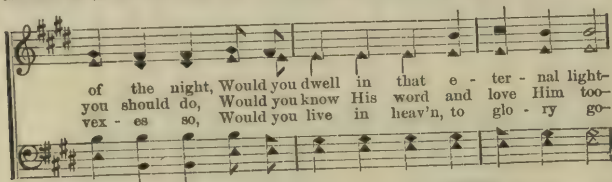
D. E. D.

John 14: 6.

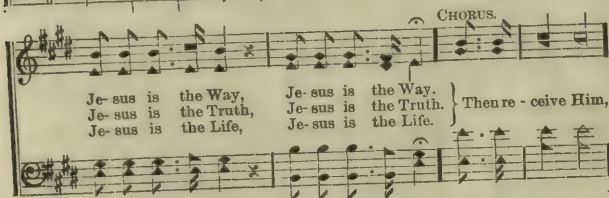
D. E. DORTCH.



1. Would you have your path all shining bright, Would you shun the darkness  
 2. Would you know His will concerning you, Would you know the things that  
 3. Would you live in peace while here be - low, Would you shun the life that

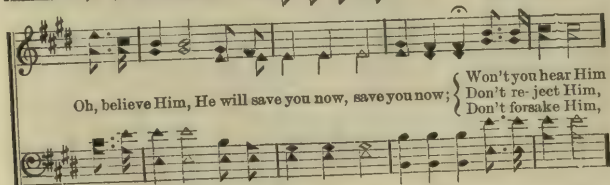


of the night, Would you dwell in that e - ter - nal light-  
 you should do, Would you know His word and love Him too-  
 vex - es so, Would you live in heav'n, to glo - ry go-

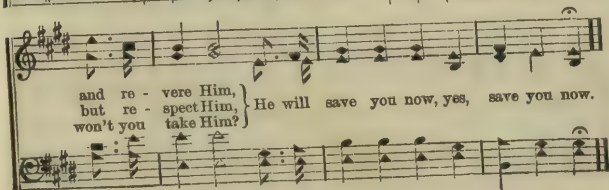


CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Way,	Je - sus is the Way.	} Then re - ceive Him,
Je - sus is the Truth,	Je - sus is the Truth.	
Je - sus is the Life,	Je - sus is the Life.	



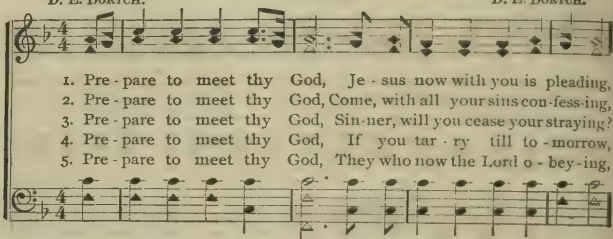
Oh, believe Him, He will save you now, save you now; } Won't you hear Him  
 Don't re - ject Him,  
 Don't forsake Him,



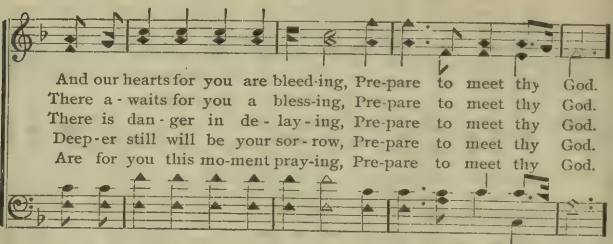
and re - vere Him, }  
 but re - spect Him, } He will save you now, yes, save you now.  
 won't you take Him?

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.

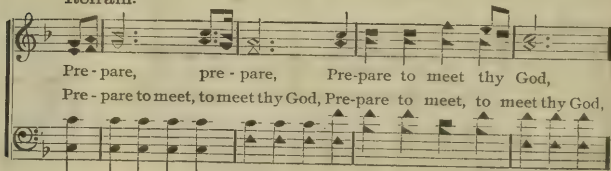


1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is pleading,  
 2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,  
 3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sin-ner, will you cease your straying?  
 4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - morrow,  
 5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey-ing,

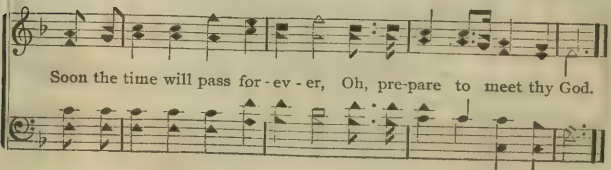


And our hearts for you are bleed-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 There a - waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 Deep-er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 Are for you this mo-ment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.

## Refrain.



Pre - pare, pre - pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God,  
 Pre - pare to meet, to meet thy God, Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God,

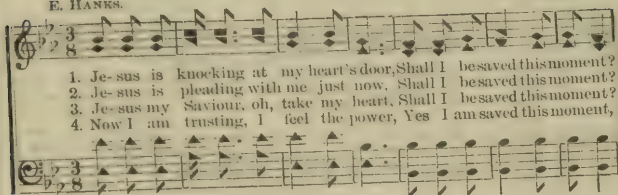


Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.

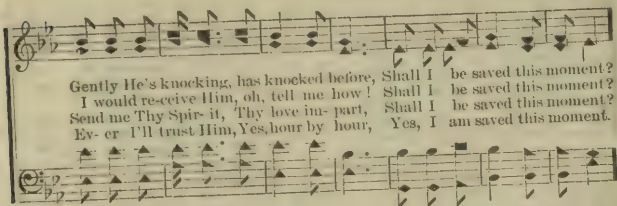
# 441 Shall I be Saved this Moment?

E. HANKS.

E. HANKS.

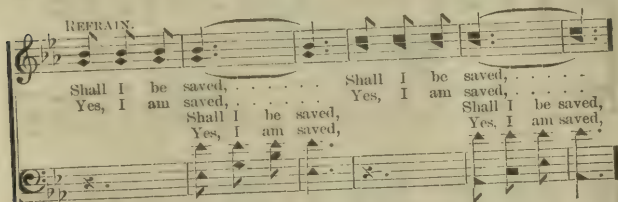


1. Je-sus is knocking at my heart's door, Shall I be saved this moment?  
 2. Je-sus is pleading with me just now, Shall I be saved this moment?  
 3. Je-sus my Saviour, oh, take my heart, Shall I be saved this moment?  
 4. Now I am trusting, I feel the power, Yes I am saved this moment,

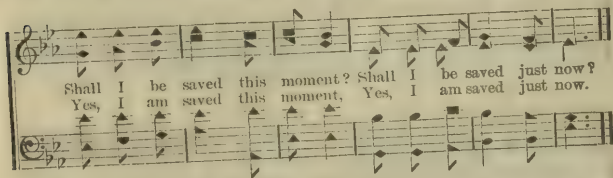


Gently He's knocking, has knocked before, Shall I be saved this moment?  
 I would receive Him, oh, tell me how! Shall I be saved this moment?  
 Send me Thy Spir- it, Thy love in- part, Shall I be saved this moment?  
 Ev- er I'll trust Him, Yes, hour by hour, Yes, I am saved this moment.

## REFRAIN.



Shall I be saved, . . . . . Shall I be saved, . . . . .  
 Yes, I am saved, . . . . . Yes, I am saved, . . . . .  
 Shall I be saved, . . . . . Shall I be saved, . . . . .  
 Yes, I am saved, . . . . . Yes, I am saved, . . . . .



Shall I be saved this moment? Shall I be saved just now?  
 Yes, I am saved this moment, Yes, I am saved just now.

5 Glory to Jesus, my soul is free,  
 Yes, I am saved this moment;  
 Visions of rapture by faith I see,  
 Yes, I am saved this moment.

6 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus' love,  
 Yes, I am saved this moment,  
 Some day He'll take me to heaven above,  
 Yes, I am saved this moment.



## Over the Billows.

Missionaries Welcome.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.  
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. O - ver the bil-lows, o - ver the sea, Com - eth the good ship  
 2. Com - eth the greet-ing, words of good cheer, Com - eth the God-spread  
 3. Count-ing our pleas-ures, all things but dross, Win - ning the lost ones

on-ward so free; Broth - er in Je - sus o - ver the sea,  
 un - to us here; Bid - ing us la - bor, learn-ing to wait,  
 un - to the cross; Sol - dier of Je - sus o - ver the sea,

## CHORUS.

Bring-eth the good ship safe to the lea.  
 Work-ing for Je - sus ear-ly and late. } O - ver the bil-lows, o - ver  
 Bear - er of tid-ings, welcome shall be. }

the sea, Friends of the heathen welcome shall be; Broth-er in Je - sus,

faith-ful and true, Hearts full of wel-come are wait-ing for you.

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15:7.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Who can de-scribe the joys that rise, Thro' all the courts of  
 2. With joy the Fa-ther doth ap-prove, The fruit of His e-  
 3. The Spir-it takes de-light to view, The ho-ly soul He

par-a-dise, To see a prod-i-gal re-turn, To see an heir of  
 ter-nal love, The Son with joy looks down and sees, The purchase of His  
 formed a-new, And saints and an-gels join to sing, The growing em-pire

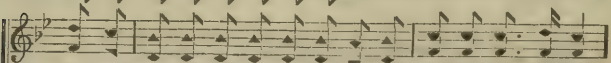
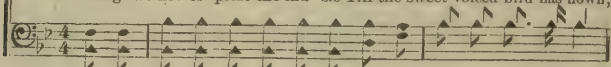
CHORUS.  
 glo-ry born. } Oh, the joy in heaven, Oh, the  
 ag-o-nies. } Oh, the joy in heaven,  
 of their King.

joy Oh, the joy, the joy in heaven, Oh, the joy in heaven, o'er the

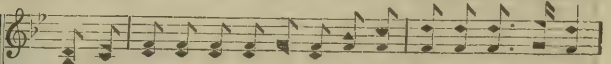
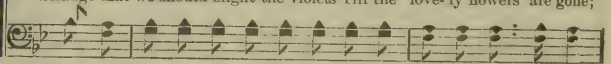
prod-i-gal's re-turn, His re-turn from danger to the fold of God.



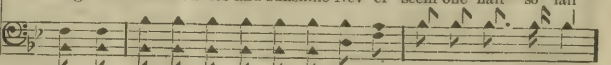
1. If we knew the woe and heart-ache Waiting for us down the road,
2. If we knew the ba-by fingers, I pressed a-against the win-dow pane,
3. Ah! these lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back,
4. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet voiced bird has flown;



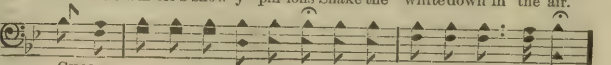
If our lips could taste the worm-wood, If our backs could feel the load,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—  
 To the hast-y words and actions, Strewn a-long our back-ward track!  
 Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flowers are gone;



Would we waste our time in wish-ing For a time that ne'er can be?  
 Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?  
 How these lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,  
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine Nev-er seem one half so fair

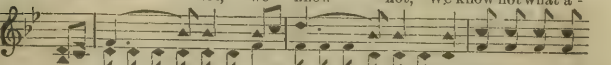


Would we wait in such im-pa-tience For our ships to come from sea?  
 Would the print of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?  
 Not to scatter thorns—but ro-ses—For our reap-ing by and by.  
 As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the whitedown in the air.

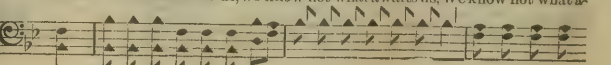


## CHORUS.

We know not, we know not, We know not what a -



We know not what awaits us, we know not what awaits us, We know not what a -



# If We Knew.—Concluded.

waits us down the way; We know not we  
waits us down the way, down the way; We know not what awaits us, We

know not,  
know not what a-waits us, We know not what a-waits us down the way.

5 Lips from which the sea of silence  
None but God can roll away,  
Never blossomed in such beauty  
As adorns those lips to-day; [memory  
And sweet words that freight our  
With their beautiful perfume,  
Come to us in sweeter accents,  
Through the portals of the tomb.

6 Let us gather up the sun-beams  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

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## Jesus Knows.

(INFANT CLASS.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*Lively.*

1. { All our lit-tle heartaches, All our joys and woes } And our ev'ry ac-tion,  
All our hopes and wish-es, Je-sus says he knows,  
2. { When we play or stud-y, When we wake or sleep, } He will always guide us,  
He de-lights to bless us, And his children keep.

Is to Je-sus known, From the time we're lit-tle, Till we're ful-ly grown.  
Lis-ten to our prayers; For the lov-ing Saviour—For His children cares.

## Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28—30.

E. R. LATTI.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Ye with burdens hard to bear! }  
 { Come un - to me, come un - to me, With your trouble and your care! }  
 2. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Hear the bless-ed Saviour say! }  
 { Come un - to me, come un - to me, He will wipe your tears away! }  
 3. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Sin - ner wea-ry of thy sin! }  
 { Come un - to me, come un - to me, I will make thee pure within! }

Come ye to-day! do not de-lay! Come with spirits sore op - pressed!  
 Where e'er ye roam, come, freely come, I am low-ly meek of heart!  
 Come ye to-day! do not de-lay! Come with sin and grief op - pressed!

Take ye my yoke, learn ye of me, I will give your spirit rest!  
 Ea - sy my yoke, my bur-den light, And your troubles shall de-part!  
 Take, then, my yoke, learn thou of me, I will give your spirit rest!

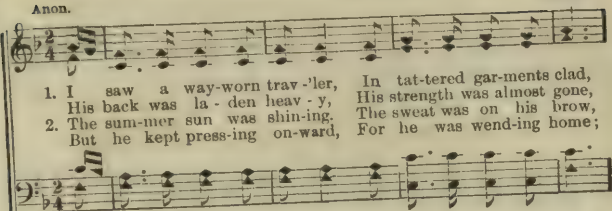
CHORUS.

Come un - to Je - sus, come un - to Je - sus! Come ye to-day! do not de - lay!

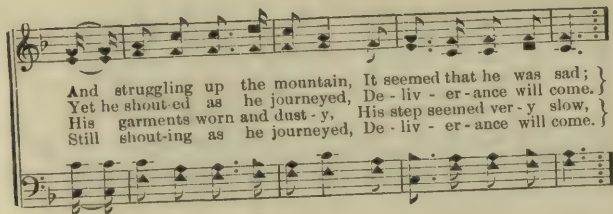
Come to the Saviour, dear, loving Saviour! Come unto Je - sus to - day!



Anon.

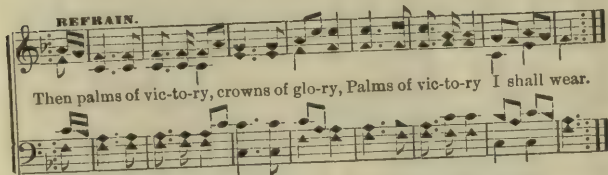


1. I saw a way-worn trav-ler, In tat-tered gar-ments clad,  
His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was almost gone,  
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing. The sweat was on his brow,  
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;



And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; }  
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }  
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow, }  
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

## REFRAIN.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

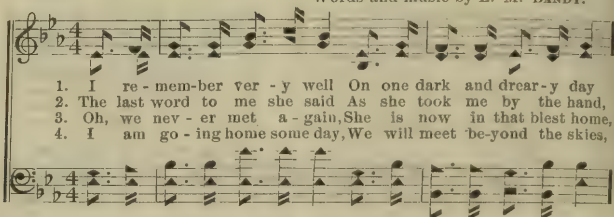
3 The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way,  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay:  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,—  
His everlasting home,—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance will come!

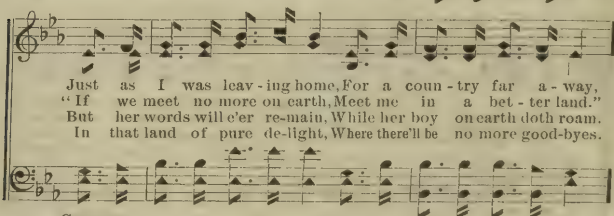
5 While gazing on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God;  
They bore him on their pinions  
Safe o'er the dashing foam,  
And joined him in his triumph,—  
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer nevermore:  
Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

Words and music by L. M. BANDY.

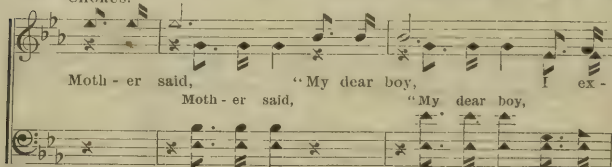


1. I re-mem-ber ver-y well On one dark and drear-y day  
 2. The last word to me she said As she took me by the hand,  
 3. Oh, we nev-er met a-gain, She is now in that blest home,  
 4. I am go-ing home some day, We will meet be-yond the skies,

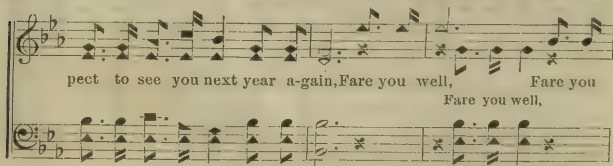


Just as I was leav-ing home, For a coun-try far a-way,  
 "If we meet no more on earth, Meet me in a bet-ter land."  
 But her words will e'er re-main, While her boy on earth doth roam.  
 In that land of pure de-light, Where there'll be no more good-byes.

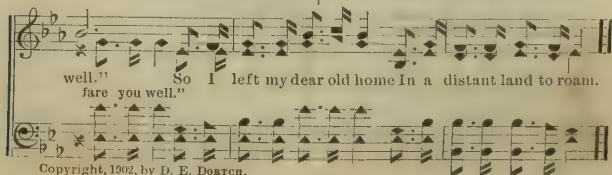
## CHORUS.



Moth-er said, "My dear boy, I ex-  
 Moth-er said, "My dear boy,



pect to see you next year a-gain, Fare you well, Fare you  
 Fare you well,



well." So I left my dear old home In a distant land to roam.  
 fare you well."

"The God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

E. HANKS.

E. HANKS.

*Slow with expression.*

1. God be with you till we meet,  
2. God be with you till we meet, till we meet, May His tender, lov-ing care,  
With His love your heart inspire,

*Rit.*  
Keep you safe from ev-'ry snare; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
Shield you with a wall of fire; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet a - gain;

God be with you till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain.

3 God be with you till we meet,  
Either here, or on that shore,  
Where sad partings come no more,  
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet,  
May His hand, from day to day,  
Lead you up the shining way,  
God be with you till we meet again.

5 God be with you till we meet  
In that land of sweet repose,  
Where life's river gently flows,  
God be with you till we meet again.

6 God be with you till we meet,  
Once again our lips repeat,  
Till we fall at Jesus' feet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.  
*Slow, and with feeling.*

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

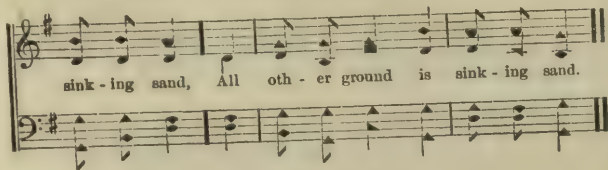
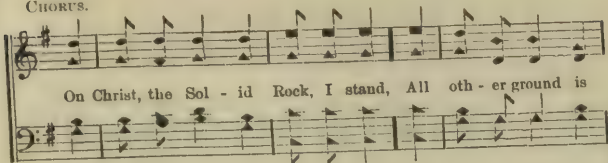
Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyrights.

EDWARD MOTE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

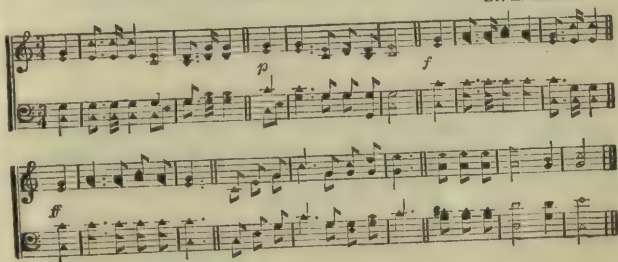
1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-ness; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name; }  
 2. { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; }  
 { In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail: }  
 3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood: }  
 { When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay: }

CHORUS.



ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



452 The Prince of Peace. C. M.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

453 Awake, my Soul. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on:  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

454 Come, Let us Join. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.



"There shall be showers of Blessing."—EZEK. 31: 26.  
 "Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 34.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CONDER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scattering full and free;  
 2. Pass me not O gracious Fa-ther, Lost and sin-ful tho' I be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour, Let me love and cling to Thee;

FINE.  
 Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather, Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.  
 I am longing for Thy fa-vor, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.

D.S.—Ev-en me, O precious Sav-iour, Let some droppings fall on me.

CHORUS. D.S.  
 E-ven me, yes e-ven me; Let some droppings fall on me.  
 e-ven me,

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Testify of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of peace to me.

5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, O bless me.

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
 Has the world my heart been keeping?  
 Oh, forgive and rescue me.

7 Love of God so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ so pure and free,  
 Grace of God so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me.

456

## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

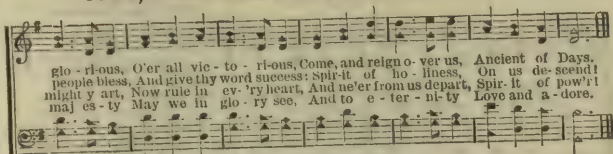
C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King. Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-  
 2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come. and thy  
 3. Come ho-ly Com-fort-er. Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
 4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign

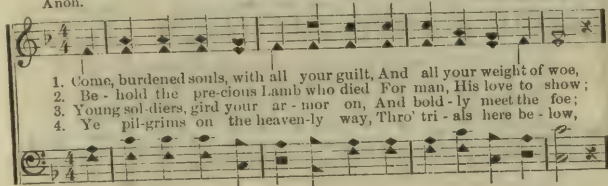
# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



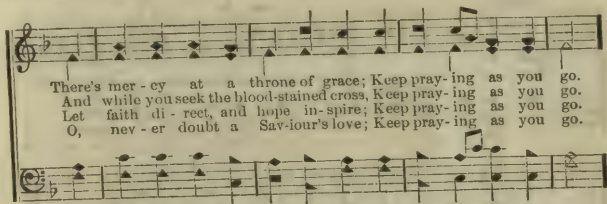
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days,  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 might y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 maj es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## 457 Keep Praying as You Go.

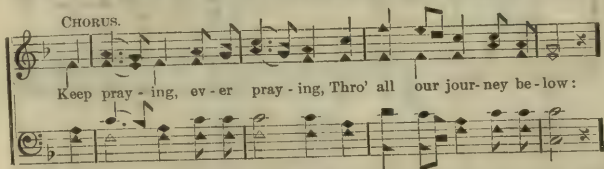
Anon. "Pray without ceasing."—1st. Thess. 5: 17. W. H. DOANE.



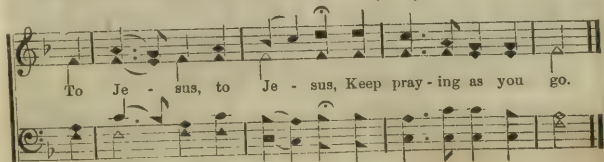
1. Come, burdened souls, with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe,
2. Be - hold the pre - cious Lamb who died For man, His love to show;
3. Young sol - diers, gird your ar - mor on, And bold - ly meet the foe;
4. Ye pil - grims on the heav - en - ly way, Thro' tri - als here be - low,



There's mer - cy at a throne of grace; Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 And while you seek the blood - stained cross, Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 Let faith di - rect, and hope in - spire; Keep pray - ing as you go.  
 O, nev - er doubt a Sav - iour's love; Keep pray - ing as you go.



CHORUS.  
 Keep pray - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all our jour - ney be - low:



To Je - sus, to Je - sus, Keep pray - ing as you go.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,  
 2. Your ma-ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus,  
 3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb, I now be-lieve in Je-sus;  
 4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;

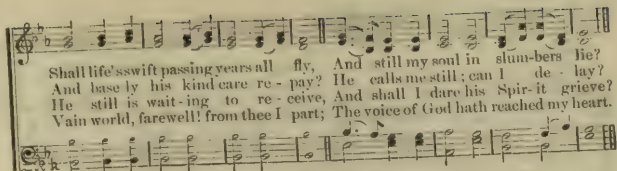
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.  
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.  
 I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.  
 Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je-sus.

## CHORUS.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,  
 3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?  
 4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?  
 And base ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?  
 He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?  
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

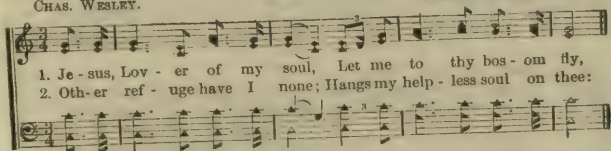
460

# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

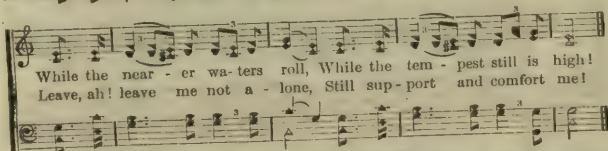
(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY.

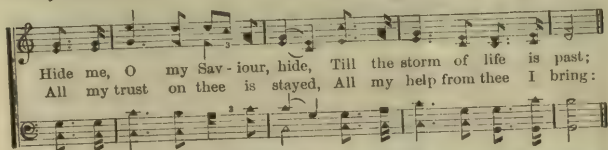
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



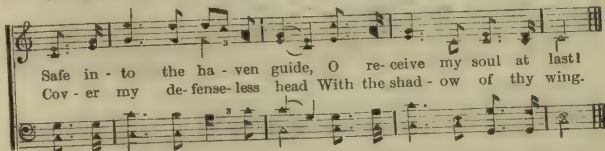
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee:



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me!



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring:



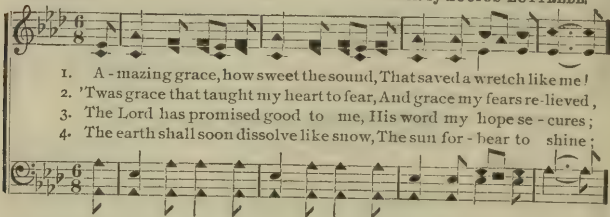
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 False, and full of sin, I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

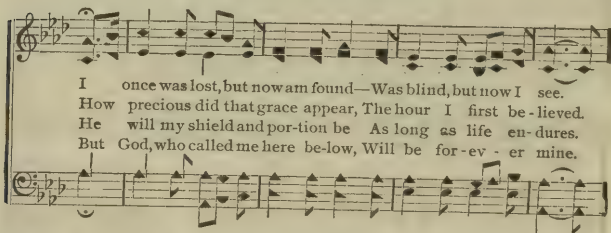
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!

NEWTON.

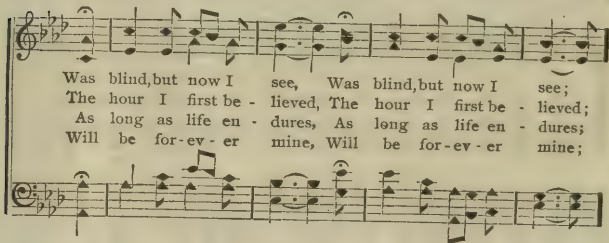
Arr. by LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



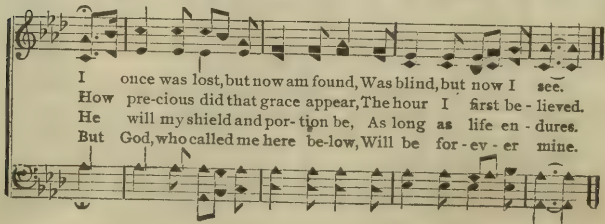
1. A-mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved,  
 3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;  
 4. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for-bear to shine;



I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.  
 How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be-lieved.  
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.  
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for-ev-er mine.



Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see;  
 The hour I first be-lieved, The hour I first be-lieved;  
 As long as life en-dures, As long as life en-dures;  
 Will be for-ev-er mine, Will be for-ev-er mine;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be-lieved.  
 He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures.  
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for-ev-er mine.



# 462 The City of Light. 12s. & 9s.

"And showed me that great city."—REV. 21: 10.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. { There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they  
And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the

D.C.—For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I

FINE CHORUS.

know not a sor - row or care; } Let us pray for each oth -  
build - ing ex - ceed - ing - ly fair. }  
trust in my heart you'll go there.

D.C.

- er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row and care;

- 2 Brother, dear, never fear, we shall triumph at  
If we trust in the word He has given; [last,  
When our trials and toils, and weepings are past,  
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
- 3 Sister, dear, never fear, for the Saviour is near,  
With His hand He will lead you along;

And the way that is dark Christ will graciously  
And your mourning shall turn to a song. [clear,

- 4 Let us walk in the light of the Gospel divine,  
Let us ever keep near to the cross; [here,  
Let us love, watch and pray in our pilgrimage  
Let us count all things else but as loss.

# 463 The Holy Jerusalem. C. M.

REV. 21: 10.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold; [walls  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

- 4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know; [scenes  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ, below,  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. What ship is this that will take us all home,  
2. Do you think she will be a-ble to take us all home,

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah. 'Tis the  
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah. I

old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu - jah;  
know she will be a - ble, hal - le - lu - jah;

'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu - jah.  
I know she will be a - ble, hal - le - lu - jah.

3 ||: Come along, come along, and let us go home,  
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah. :||

4 ||: What kind of freight have you on board?  
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: Love to God and one another, hallelujah. :||

5 ||: We have some friends before us gone,  
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: By and by we'll go and meet them, hallelujah. :||

6 ||: And we'll walk up and down the golden shore,  
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: And we'll praise the Lord forever, hallelujah. :||

CLUFF.

Soprano Solo.

1. { I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing  
now He is watching in ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my

2. { I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that He'd

Sav - iour tho' earth - friends be few; And (Omit. . . . .)  
Sav - iour were (Omit. . . . .) your Sav - iour, too!  
- ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And (Omit. . . . .)  
let me bring (Omit. . . . .) you with me, too!

Chorus.

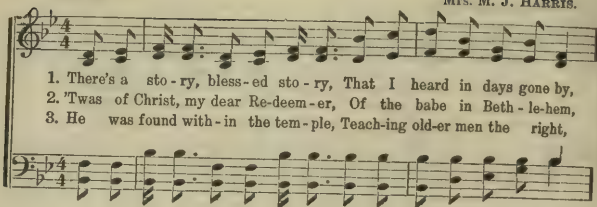
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For

you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

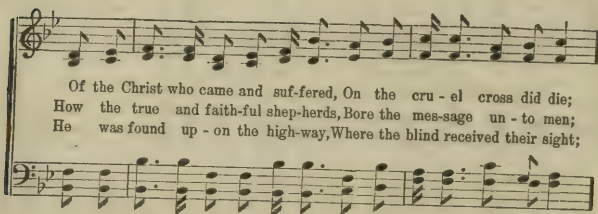
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one, too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;  
My Saviour alone is the Author and Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given to you!
- 5 When you've found Jesus, tell others the story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too,  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,  
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

M. J. H.

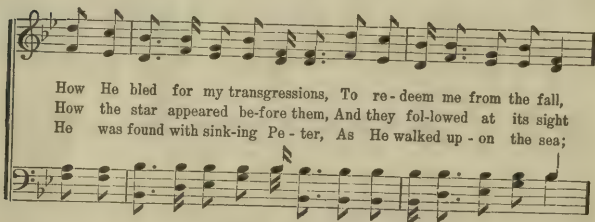
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



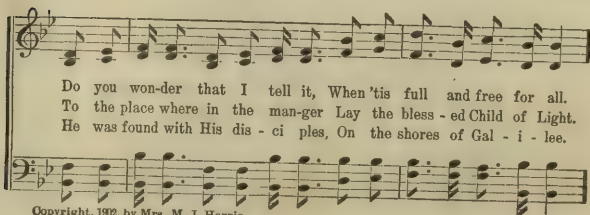
1. There's a sto-ry, bless-ed sto-ry, That I heard in days gone by,  
 2. 'Twas of Christ, my dear Re-deem-er, Of the babe in Beth-le-hem,  
 3. He was found with-in the tem-ple, Teach-ing old-er men the right,



Of the Christ who came and suf-fered, On the cru-el cross did die;  
 How the true and faith-ful shep-herds, Bore the mes-sage un-to men;  
 He was found up-on the high-way, Where the blind received their sight;



How He bled for my transgressions, To re-deem me from the fall,  
 How the star appeared be-fore them, And they fol-lowed at its sight  
 He was found with sink-ing Pe-ter, As He walked up-on the sea;



Do you won-der that I tell it, When 'tis full and free for all.  
 To the place where in the man-ger Lay the bless-ed Child of Light.  
 He was found with His dis-ci-ples, On the shores of Gal-i-lee.

# The Old Story. Concluded.

CHORUS.



This sal - va - tion full and free, Reach-es out to you and me;



I will tell it though the whole wide world may frown,



For He saves me by His grace, And He's giv - en me a place



To sit down with Him in glo - ry, by and by.



4 He was praying in the garden,  
 "Not my will, but Thine be done,"  
 When they took Him unto Pilate  
 For a trial—God's own Son;  
 How they mocked, and spat upon Him,  
 As they followed by His side,  
 To the place they called Golgotha,  
 Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,  
 Is that Jesus came to save,  
 With an uttermost salvation,  
 And give victory o'er the grave;  
 That He opened wide the fountain,  
 For uncleanness and for sin,  
 And His blood can make you holy,  
 Sanctify and keep you clean.



# 467 WHEN THE LAST ROLL IS CALLED.

A soldier, wounded during our last war, lay dying in his cot. Suddenly the death like stillness of the room was broken by the cry, "Here! Here!" which burst from the lips of the dying man. Friends rushed to the spot, and asked what he wanted. "Hark!" he said, "they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name." In a few moments once more he whispered, "Here!" and passed into the presence of the King.—D. L. MOODY.

Words selected by N. D. CRAWFORD.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. { Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, When the last roll is  
My Sav - iour smiles and bids me come, When the last roll is

Chorus.  
called, I'll be there. } I'll be there, I'll be  
called, I'll be there. } I'll be there, I'll be

there, When the last roll is called, I'll be there.  
I'll be there,

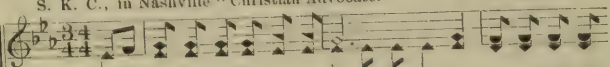
- 2 Bright angels beckon me away, etc.  
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.
- 3 I have some friends before me gone, etc.  
And I'm resolved to follow on, etc.
- 4 If you get there before I do, etc.  
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, etc.
- 5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be, etc.  
When I my friends in heaven shall see, etc.
- 6 My suffering time will soon be o'er, etc.  
When I shall sigh and weep no more, etc.
- 7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand, etc.  
To meet you in that happy land, etc.
- 8 I never shall forget that day, etc.  
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.
- 9 When Jesus took my sins away, etc.  
I thought my soul would fly away, etc.
- 10 I love my Saviour, yes, I do, etc.  
And, sinner, you may love Him, too, etc.
- 11 If you will now in Christ believe, etc.  
A gracious blessing you'll receive, etc.

## IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

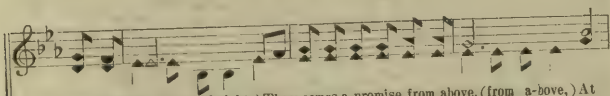
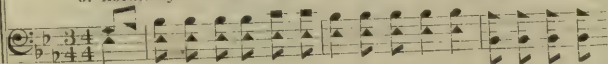
"At evening time it shall be light." -- Zech. 14: 7.

S. K. C., in Nashville "Christian Advocate."

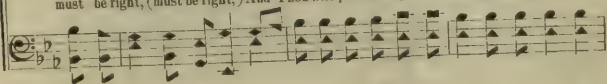
D. E. DORTCH.



1. To those who bear with pa-tient love, (pa-tient love,) Life's wea-ry load from
2. Tho' clouded may have been the way, (been the way,) And traced by sor-row,
3. Yes, ev'-ry shadow shall depart, (shall depart,) As th' blessed man-sions
4. A radiance from the better land, (better land,) Shall put all gloom and
5. Lord, may we to the end endure, (end en-dure,) For what Thou sendest



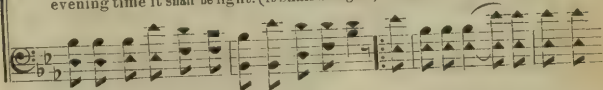
morn till night, (morn till night,) There comes a promise from above, (from a-bove,) At  
care, and blight, (care and blight,) Tho' slow the hours and long the day, (long the day,) At  
come in sight, (come in sight,) And to the tried but trusting heart, (trusting heart,) At  
doubt to flight, (doubt to flight,) And as we near the golden strand, (golden strand,) At  
must be right, (must be right,) And Thou wilt prove the promise sure, (promise sure,) At



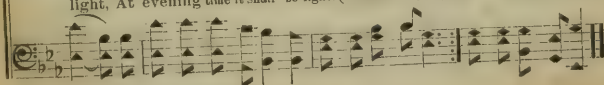
## REFRAIN.



evening time it shall be light. (it shall be light.) It shall be light, it shall be



light, At evening time it shall be light. (it shall be light.) light. (it shall be light.)



"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

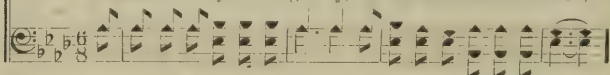
W. G. COOPER.

D. E. DORTCH.

*Adagio.*



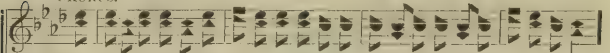
1. Oh, wonderful, wonderful sto - ry; The sweetest that ev - er was told;
2. Christ left the bright throne of His glory, Amazing love! how could it be?
3. He rose! the Re-deem-er all glorious, He triumphed o'er death and the grave;
4. Dear Je-sus, while an-gels adore Thee, We gladly our gratitude bring;
5. At last when ar-rayed in His glo - ry, The saints their Redeemer be - hold;



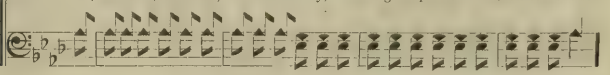
'Tis the joy of the youth and the hoar - y, The story that nev - er grows old.  
And He suffer'd death, cruel and go - ry, To save e - ven sinners like me.  
And up - on His throne now all vic - t - rious, He reigneth! the "Mighty to save."  
And when danger is near, we implore Thee, Oh, keep 'neath Thy sheltering wing.  
Then the theme of that wonderful sto - ry They sing, for 'twill never grow old.



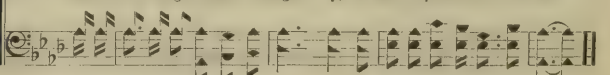
CHORUS.



Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful sto - ry, Amazing compassion! Oh, how could it be!



Je-sus left the bright throne of His glo - ry, To save a poor sin - ner like me.



## ENLIST AT THE CROSS.

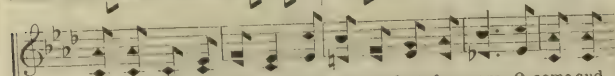
"For it becometh him, from whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering."—  
Heb. 2: 10.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT.

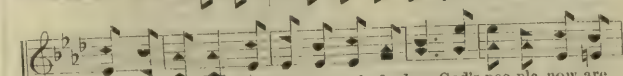
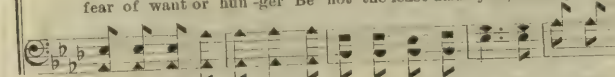
E. HANKS.



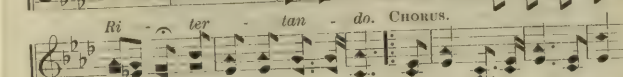
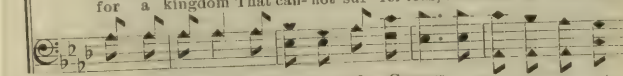
1. The Cap-tain of sal - va - tion Now calls for vol - un-teers, The
2. Be mus-tered in - to ser - vice, Put on the sol-dier's dress, Take
3. Fall in - to line of bat - tle, Unsheathe the flash-ing blade; By



war with sin is on us. The strife may last for years; O come and  
un - to you the ar - mor. And to the stan-dard press; We have a  
fear of want or hun - ger Be not the least dismayed; We're fighting

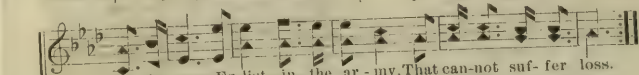
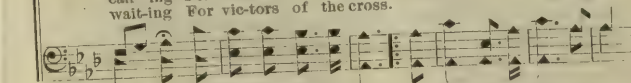


join the ar - my That can-not suf - fer loss. God's peo-ple now are  
might-y Cap-tain Who can-not suf - fer loss. The Sav-iour now is  
for a kingdom That can-not suf - fer loss, And heav-en now is

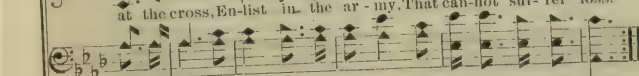


Ri - ter - tan - do. CHORUS.

wait-ing En-list-ments at the cross. En-list at the cross, En-list  
call-ing For soldiers of the cross.  
wait-ing For vic-tors of the cross.



at the cross, En-list in the ar - my, That can-not suf - fer loss.



# 471 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

WEBB. 7s. 6s.

GEO. WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
 { Lift high your roy-al ban-ner, It must not (*Omit.*) . . } suf-fer loss;  
 D.C.—Till ev-ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is (*Omit.*) . . Lord in-deed.

From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His ar-my He shall lead,

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 The trumpet call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
 In this His glorious day:  
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
 Against unnumbered foes;  
 Your courage rise with danger  
 And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own;  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 Each piece put on with prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

## 472 (See music above.)

- 1 The morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness disappears;  
 The sons of earth are waking,  
 To penitential tears:  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,  
 Brings tidings from afar;  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending,  
 Before the God of love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending,  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel's call obey,  
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly,  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

## 473 (See music above.)

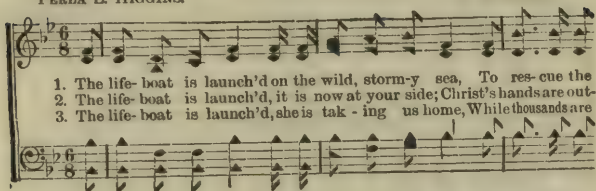
- 1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,  
 And fling it to the breeze,  
 And let the glad hosanna  
 Sweep over land and seas;  
 To God be all the glory  
 For what we now behold—  
 Oh, let the cheering story  
 In every ear be told.
- 2 The drunkard shall not perish  
 In Alcohol's dire chain,  
 But wife and children cherish  
 Within his home again;  
 And sobered men, repenting,  
 Will bow at Jesus' feet,  
 Their thankful hearts relenting  
 Before the mercy-seat.
- 3 A new-waked zeal is burning  
 In this and every land,  
 And thousands now are turning  
 To join our temp'rance band;  
 The light of truth is shining  
 In many a darkened soul;  
 Ere long its rays combining  
 Will blaze from pole to pole.



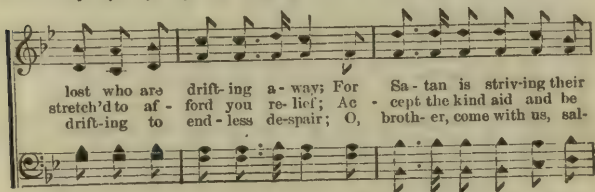
# No. 474. STEP IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

PERLA E. HIGGINS.

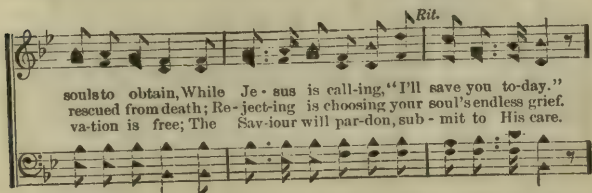
D. E. DORTCH.



1. The life-boat is launch'd on the wild, storm-y sea, To res-cue the  
 2. The life-boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out-  
 3. The life-boat is launch'd, she is tak-ing us home, While thousands are

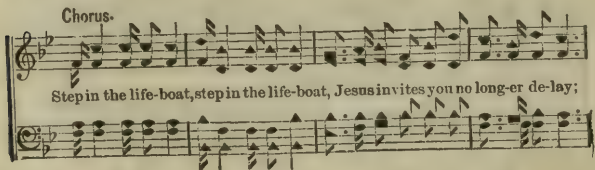


lost who are drift-ing a-way; For Sa-tan is striv-ing their  
 stretch'd to af-ford you re-lief; Ac-cept the kind aid and be  
 drift-ing to end-less de-spair; O, broth-er, come with us, sal-

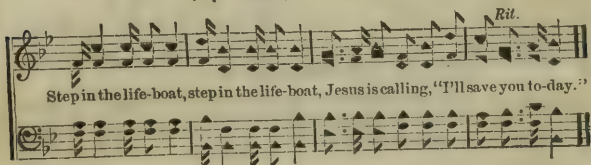


*Rit.*  
 souls to obtain, While Je-sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to-day."  
 rescued from death; Re-ject-ing is choosing your soul's endless grief.  
 va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par-don, sub-mit to His care.

Chorus.



Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you no long-er de-lay;



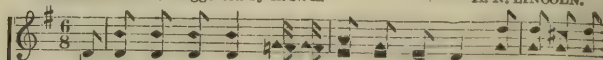
*Rit.*  
 Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

# No. 475. ALREADY CONDEMNED.

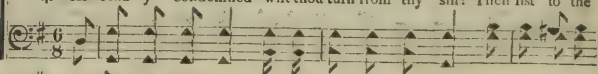
"He that believeth not, is condemned already."—JOHN 3: 18.

FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L.

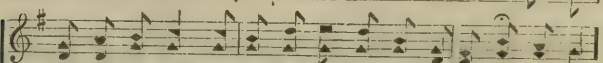
H. N. LINCOLN.



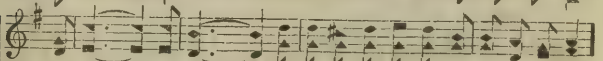
1. God so loved the world that in mer-cy He gave, His Son as a
2. Al-read-y condemned in the sight of the Lord, Be cause thou art
3. Al-read-y condemned un-be-liev-er thou art, O think what a
4. Al-read-y condemned wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the



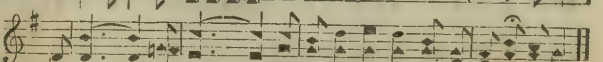
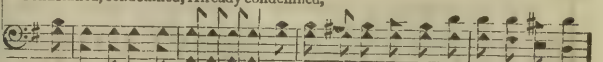
ran-som lost sin-ners to save, O thou who hast nev-er be-  
turn-ing a-way from His word, Thou choos-est the e-vil re-  
sen-tence hangs o-ver thy heart, Yet why wilt thou per-ish? when  
spir-it now plead-ing with-in, Re-pent-ing and trust-ing yield



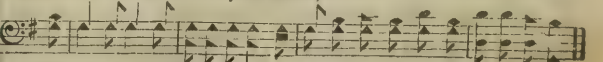
lieved on His name, Re-mem-ber the truth that the scriptures proclaim,  
ject-est the right, Thou lov-est the dark-ness far bet-ter than light,  
thou can'st be free, If thou wilt ac-cept it there's par-don for thee.  
Je-sus thy heart, De-lay not a moment but come as thou art.



Con-demned, con-demned, On Je-sus the Saviour thou hast not believed,  
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,



Con-demned, con-demned, The life that He off-ers thou hast not received.  
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,



HARRIET E. JONES.

1. We must wait, we must work, we must watch, we must pray, Nev-er doubt, nev-er  
 2. Let us work with a will, let us trust and o-bey, Stem the storm, face the  
 3. With His bright angel-hand, some sweet day He will come, Gather gems that will

fear, trust our Lord day by day; He is just, He is good, He is  
 foe, cheer the sad by the way, Ev-'ry cross meek-ly bear, be co-  
 shine in His own bliss-ful home; Praise His name, those who watch, those who

faith-ful and true, What He promised His chil-dren He sure-ly will do.  
 suffers with Him, Shield of faith dai-ly wear, nev-er let it grow dim.  
 la - bor and pray, He will claim as His own on that beau-ti-ful day.

## CHORUS.

Let us wait, let us watch, let us trust and o-  
 Let us wait, let us watch, let us trust

bey, Then we'll meet Him with joy on that great harvest day.  
 and o-bey, Then we'll meet

## No. 477.

## The Father's Call.

BIRDIE BELL.

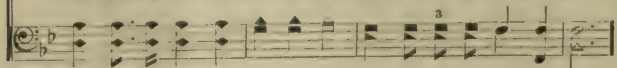
H. N. LINCOLN.

*Moderato.*

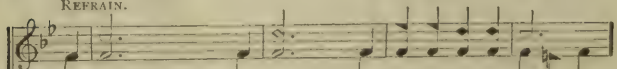
1. Why in thy bondage wilt thou stay, Far from thy home and Father stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Father kind-ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou longer doubting stand? Hastel for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the desert, drear and wild, God lov-eth still His way-ward child;
5. Won-drous sal-va-tion God hath wrought, Jesus thy sin-ful soul hath bought;
6. Soon will the shades of eve-ning fall, Life's day be past be-yond re-call;



Wel-come is wait-ing thee to-day, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Wilt thou not heed that sweet com-mand? O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Come, and to-day be rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Long in the dark-ness for thee sought, O prod-i-gal child, come home!  
 Death's gloomy night will thee ap-pall, O prod-i-gal child, come home!



## REFRAIN.



Re-turn, re-turn, O heed the ten-der plea;  
 Re-turn, O prod-i-gal, re-turn, re-turn, sweet plea;



Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee.  
 Come home, O prod-i-gal, come now, come home, He calls for thee.



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him; but when he cried unto him, he

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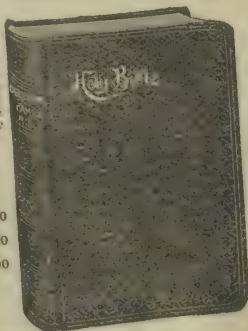
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the Ca'nāan-ites, the inhabitants of the  
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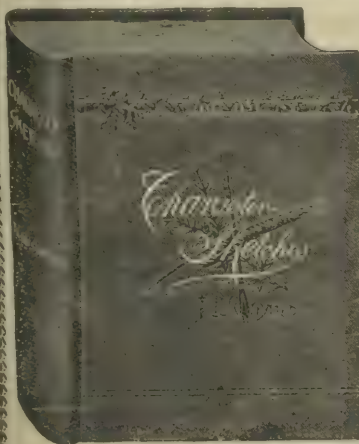


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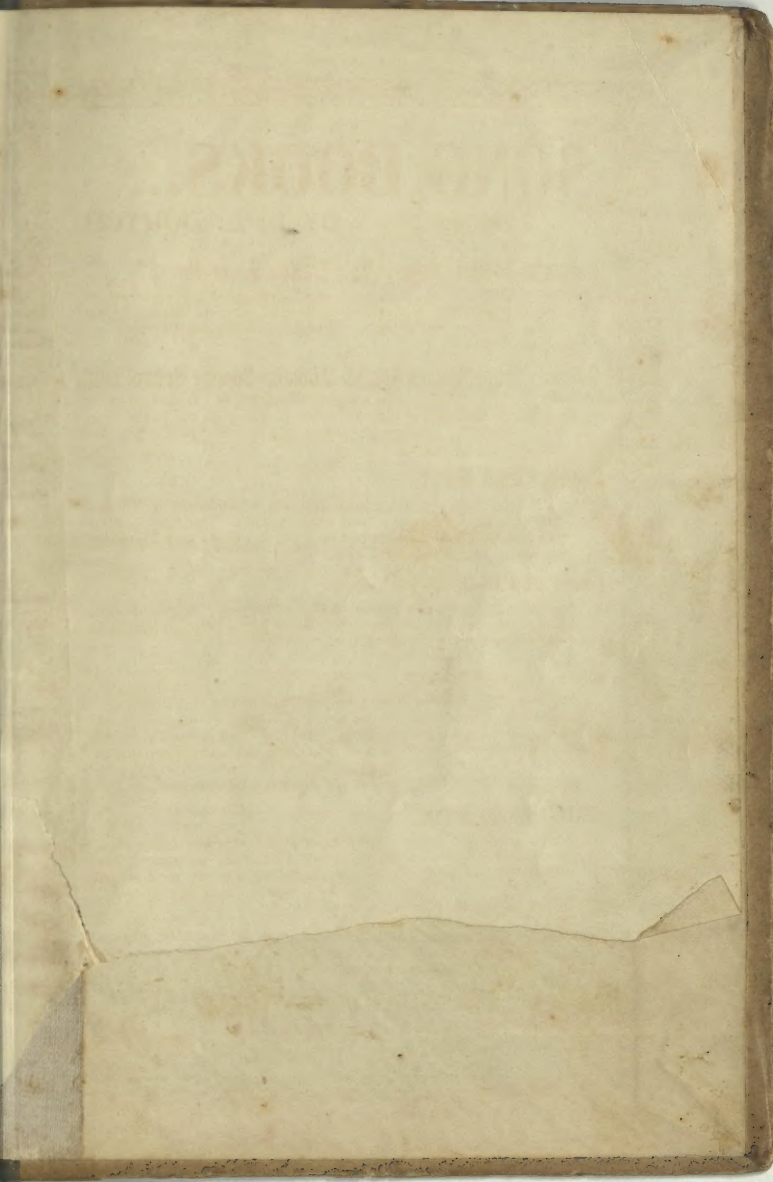
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